

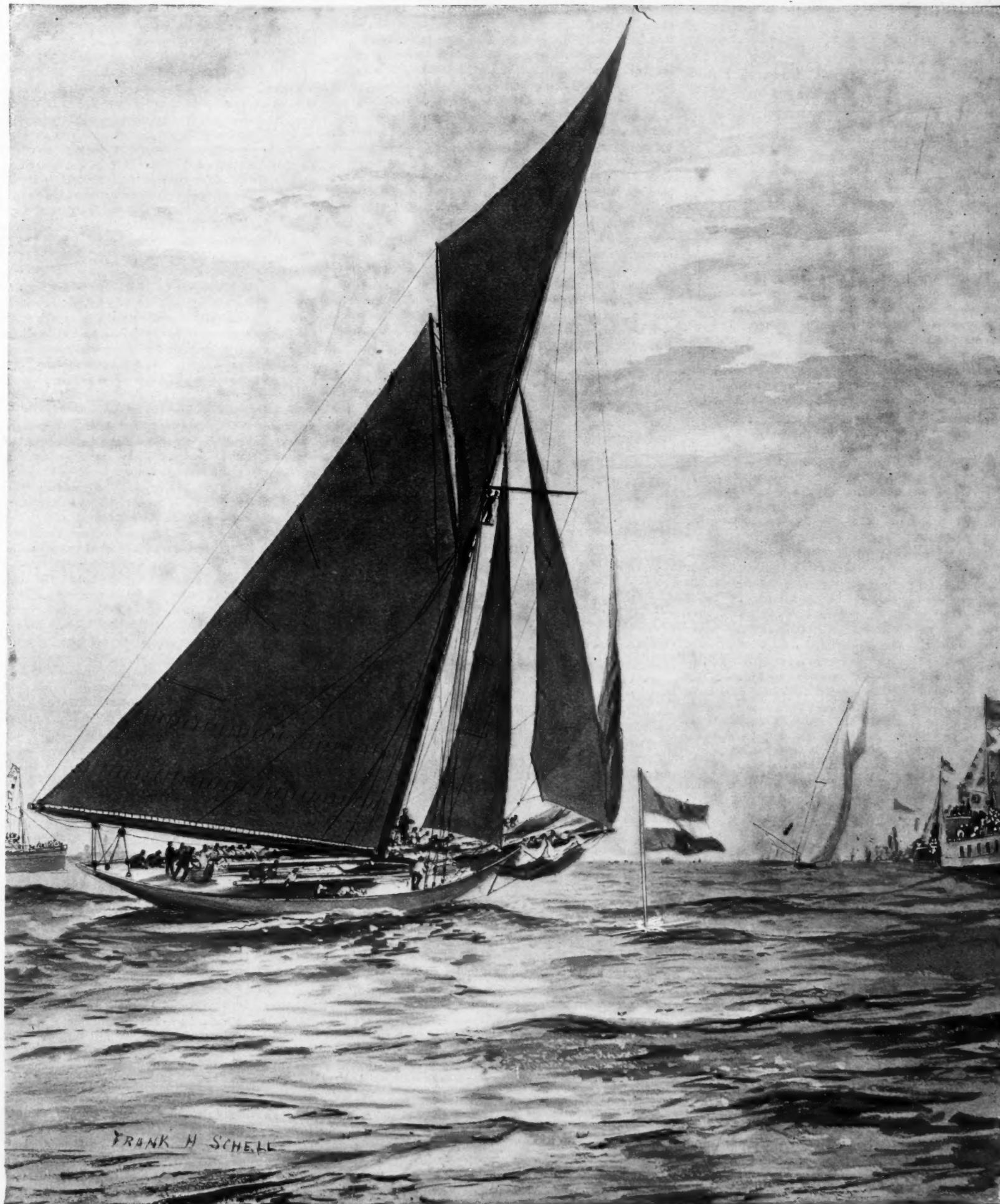
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THE ONLY AUTHENTIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE EVENTS.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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VICTORIOUS "VIGILANT."

THE WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE ROUNDING THE FIRST FLAG ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 9TH.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 268.]

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W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

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Stop It!

THE faction fights among the Republicans in some of the western counties of New York augur badly for the success of the party in the coming election. In some localities these contests have developed a bitterness and malignity which exceed all previous manifestations of the rancorous spirit which has done so much to disintegrate the party in the State. Of course no question of principle is involved in any of these contests. The interests of the public and the welfare of the party are alike lost sight of in a determination on the part of self-constituted "leaders" to maintain their supremacy and "get even" with obnoxious rivals. Men have been nominated for members of Assembly not because of conspicuous capacity or eminent party service, but because they wear the collar of this or that peculiar faction, and can be depended upon to carry out the wishes of one or another trafficker in the sovereignty of the people. There can be but one result to this sort of "personal politics." It contributes inevitably to a lowering of the character of the Legislative representation, places the party at the mercy of self-seeking demagogues, and exposes the State to the ravages of "combines" whose sole bond of union is a love of pillage.

It was possible for the Republican party in this State, this year, with efficient organization, harmony of purpose, and good nominations, to retrieve in a measure the disasters of the past and intrench itself securely for the larger conflicts of the future. It had but to break loose from "bossism" and demonstrate by unexceptionable nominations its purpose to seek the highest good of the State, to rally to its standard thousands of voters who have grown distrustful of the tendencies and ruling influences of the Democratic party. No grander opportunity has ever come to any party to rehabilitate itself in the confidence of the people. That opportunity, so far as the Legislature is concerned, has been thrown away. We are to straggle into another campaign with broken ranks, without coherency of purpose, and under discredited leadership, and come out beaten and disgraced, for no other reason under the sun than that personal ambitions may be gratified and individual grudges appeased. If there is any spirit of patriotism left in the party it is time it should be asserted. There is for honest and loyal Republicans no more urgent duty than the suppression of factious disorders and the humiliation of every man, high or low, big or little, who subordinates the triumph of essential principles to the promotion of personal ambitions.

Faction fighting must be stopped, at whatever cost and hazard.

The Law's Delays.

A SUIT was recently brought in the District Court at Washington against a distinguished member of Congress for fifty thousand dollars damages for breach of promise of marriage and seduction. The defendant filed a demurrer which, after argument, was overruled, and the case ordered to be tried on its merits. But it was added that the condition of the docket is such that the case cannot be reached for two years to come.

That is to say, a man prominent in affairs, of honorable repute, who is charged with an infamous crime, must rest for two years under the imputation of guilt, without an opportunity to vindicate his good name; while on the other

hand, the accuser is to be denied for that time recourse to the only method by which she can substantiate her charges, and, if substantiated, right her wrongs.

The case affords a striking illustration of the law's delays which so often defeat the ends of justice, give security to crime, and prevent the vindication of the innocent. It must needs be, undoubtedly, in this age of litigation and of crimes of every sort, that the pressure of business upon our courts will sometimes exceed their working capacity, but it remains true that very much of the delay of which complaint is made is due to lax methods of procedure and to artifices of practitioners which ought to have no consideration with enlightened judges. Our courts should be something more than machines for the obstruction of justice, or sepulchres in which cases may be laid away until they are mummied. A man's good name is his most precious possession, and when assailed he is entitled to the speediest possible vindication of it. A crime against the laws, whether it involve merely individual or public rights, touches the security of all, and its prompt and adequate punishment is a primary duty of the State. It is just because the courts fail in this duty and permit all manner of interferences with their orderly and lawful processes, in the interest of offenders, that criminals are all the while growing bolder and more insolent, and lawlessness is overawing scores of helpless communities. Why should it be thought strange that prize-fighting, bank robberies, seductions, arson, ballot-box outrages and the like increase and multiply when the perpetrators of these crimes are able, by invoking the law's delays, to escape the punishment which the law prescribes?

We must change all this if we would avert an utter and absolute collapse in the administration of criminal law. We must have judges incapable of being persuaded, by any appeals whatever, from the stern enforcement of the law—men of the stamp of Recorder Smyth, capable of asserting and maintaining their rights, and the authority of their courts, against insolent and audacious attorneys and their resort to questionable methods of procedure. Then, if the present judicial system is incapable of dealing with the growing volume of business, let it be readjusted so as to provide adequate facilities for the prompt and satisfactory performance of the office for which it was established. We must have relief from the evil which is every year becoming more serious and menacing, and there ought to be wisdom enough among those intelligent practitioners who realize the evil most keenly, if not, indeed, outside of that honorable profession, to suggest to the coming Constitutional convention a cure at once reasonable and sufficient.

Our Diplomatic Service.

 E heard a good deal some months ago concerning the elevation of the diplomatic and consular service which was to be accomplished by the Cleveland administration. The standard of equipment was to be raised all along the line, and in consular appointments supreme reference was to be had in all cases to the business qualifications of the appointees; the service, in a word, was to be placed upon a basis, in point of character and capacity, never before attempted or attained. This was the promise. It is within the knowledge of everybody that the performance has not measured up to the engagement. There is not a single foreign court at which the representatives appointed by the present administration are better Americans, or better equipped for the duties devolving upon them, than the men whom they displaced. The consuls of recent appointment are not, as a rule, persons of higher business capacity than their predecessors. In some cases they are in all points inferior. It will not be pretended anywhere that any appointment, ambassadorial or consular, made by President Harrison was so absolutely scandalous as that of Mr. Van Alen to the Italian mission, made by President Cleveland.

The New York *Evening Post* has been, and is, one of the conspicuous supporters of Mr. Cleveland. It has been a persistent advocate of the application of sound business rules to all branches of the public service, and it has believed that these principles would find full recognition at the hands of the existing administration. How utterly it has been mistaken is here stated in its own words:

"The quality of the diplomatic appointments thus far has not been higher, on the average, than under previous administrations. Care has been taken, as usual, with one or two important posts, like London and Paris, but the others have been flung to the spoilsmen, with the old time-honored disregard of the national reputation and the national interests."

"Mr. Quincy has been allowed a debauch among the consuls which would have sickened a Blaenite, and has sent him home to Boston with a wet towel round his head. He has sent out to look after our trade in the uttermost ends of the earth the usual quota of broken-down men and ignorant editors, who will, of course, if, partly through the discredit of them, the Democrats should lose the next election, be remorselessly cast adrift at their posts, and many of them have to 'beat' their way home, to our further disgrace."

This criticism of the methods by which the public service is being "reformed" by the triumphant Democracy is severe, but it is literally just. And it is all the more significant because it is not inspired by partisan prejudice or malice, but comes from a friendly source. There is,

however, in the fact of the degradation of the diplomatic and consular service, and the failure of Democratic promises, no reason for exultation on the part of Republicans. It is too serious a matter to admit of any other than profound regret in the mind of any right-thinking American. The whole country is concerned in establishing this service upon the highest possible basis, and the party that succeeds in accomplishing this result will deserve and receive the popular approval, without regard to partisan considerations, just as the party which, with loud pretensions of reform, fails to make any real contribution in that direction will be visited by merited condemnation.

Indiscriminate Alms-giving.

 T is wrong to do anything to stay the hand of charity. But indiscriminate alms-giving is not charity. More frequently than not money given to beggars in the streets is worse than wasted, for it very often assists to maintain unworthy persons in idleness. It is very easy to put a hand in the pocket and give a small coin to the casual mendicant. Indeed, it is easier to do this than to refuse to do it. It is upon this that professional mendicants count when they adopt a calling at which they can make more money than by honest work. There are very many honest and deserving poor, and all the money that is thus given to the professional beggars is diverted from those who have a right to our charitable consideration and assistance. A man appealed to for help says to himself: "It may be wrong for me to give money in this instance, but it is a very small matter to me, and it may be that this person is suffering and in need. Certainly he is not as well off as I am." Thus the alms-giver justifies himself, and thus the begging of alms becomes a profitable calling.

The real Christian method of looking after the poor is to personally investigate each case that is brought to one's notice. But under present social conditions this is not always practicable. In order that this in effect may be done there are charitable organizations in nearly all American cities that undertake to investigate every case called to their attention. In referring applicants to these societies charitably-disposed people really employ substitutes in the distribution of their benefactions. And as these substitutes are usually persons of experience and acquainted with the guiles of the deceivers, assistance through them is much more likely to be effectual. There is nothing the professional beggar so hates to see as the little notice on the door of many business houses: "All applicants for charity are referred to the Charity Organization Society." This is a plain notice to the unworthy that that door is barred to them.

The other day a gentleman in New York was approaching Fifth Avenue. As he neared the corner he was stopped by a well-dressed and rather ladylike-looking woman. He was surprised that she asked for money to buy something to eat. Noticing her dress and a gold brooch at her neck, the gentleman suspected that he had encountered a professional. As he took out his pocket-book he saw in the woman's eye a look of greed. His mind was made up instantly. "I will give you a card to the Charity Organization Society," he said. Quick as a flash the woman struck the gentleman in the face with her umbrella and hurried away. The name of the society was so repulsive to this woman that the mere mention of it drove her almost mad. She knew that at its hands her deception would be treated as it deserved.

These are very hard times, and there are many people out of work. But there is all the more reason that judgment should be used in bestowing alms. Every penny that can be given in charity should be so given that it will do good instead of harm. There are channels through which this can be done with certainty, and all who have anything to spare should use these channels. Charity is too sacred to be trifled with, and those who give alms carelessly cannot escape the responsibility of encouraging the meanest class of wretches that thrive upon the public bounty.

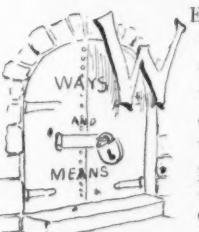
The Affront to the State.

In the nomination of Isaac H. Maynard for Judge of the Court of Appeals, the Democracy of New York has offered a deliberate affront to the moral sentiment of the State. Mr. Maynard was the perpetrator of a grave political crime. That crime was committed in the interest of partisan knavery and for the express purpose of nullifying the popular verdict as rendered at the polls. Let us recall the facts: The result of the Legislative election of 1891 was for some days uncertain. The control of the Senate obviously depended upon one or two votes. The Democratic managers set about procuring these votes by fraudulent means. One of the close Senatorial districts was the Fifteenth, including Dutchess County. Counting all the Republican votes in that county, the candidate of that party had a plurality. The Democratic Board of Canvassers, therefore, threw out certain Republican votes and sent to the State Board of Canvassers a doctored statement which, if accepted, would elect the Democratic

nominee. The interference of the courts was invoked to prevent the reception of the fraudulent statement. The Supreme Court, after a full hearing, directed the county board to count the votes which had been thrown out. The county board obeyed the order and made and filed a corrected statement. Triplicates of this corrected statement were duly mailed and received at Albany, being addressed to the Secretary of State, the Governor, and the comptroller. These certificates were abstracted by a Democratic official from the offices at which they had been received, by and with the consent of Mr. Maynard, who was at that time Deputy Attorney-General, and carried off. One of the certificates was stolen by Mr. Maynard himself, and by him given to his confederate. Thus when the State board met for the final canvass of the returns it had before it only the statement which had been condemned by the Supreme Court as fraudulent, and this it proceeded to accept as legal, Mr. Maynard sitting by and acquiescing in the proceeding as regular and just. By thus stealing an official paper, and conniving at the theft of another, Mr. Maynard not only put contempt upon the order of the courts of the State, but gave the Democratic party a majority of one in the Senate and absolute control of the State government.

He is now nominated for the highest court, which he has for a time filled by appointment, in payment for this service, and it is the avowed determination of his backers to elect him at whatever cost, in order that their hold upon the judiciary may be confirmed for all future partisan purposes. We are unwilling to believe that the people of this State will condone so serious an offense against the public morals by electing its perpetrator to so important and responsible a position. That would argue a decay of public virtue consistent only with a condition of absolute depravity. Undoubtedly the Democratic managers have realized to some extent the gravity of the task they have undertaken. Their nomination of a Cleveland man for Secretary of State affords very conclusive proof of this fact. They hope by this action to beguile the reputable and conscientious Democrats of the State into a support of a ticket which is in other respects obnoxious. It is possible that some of those who have bitterly antagonized the Maynard nomination may be won over by this bribe. But we cannot believe that the great body of right-thinking men in the Democratic party are prepared to stultify themselves in this wholesale fashion. They must realize that the election of Judge Maynard would amount to a popular acquiescence in methods and practices vitally endangering the public safety, that it would expose the judicial system of the commonwealth to contempt and distrust, and subject the rights of individuals and communities to all the hazards of partisan oppression and injustice. We prefer to believe that in such a crisis as this, and in the presence of an issue so acute and pronounced, the conscience of the State may be relied upon to assert itself in distinct and emphatic reprobation of the desperate partisanship which seeks, at the public expense, to reward political crimes by the bestowal of the highest dignities and honors. If it shall turn out otherwise, we may well prepare ourselves for a carnival of ungoverned rapacity in the furtherance of selfish and unpatriotic policies.

The Tariff Revision.

 E had supposed that the revision of the tariff was a subject that concerned every American citizen, and that in framing such revision the supreme consideration should be the promotion of the general interests of the people. It is obvious, however, that we were mistaken in this opinion. The Democrats of the Ways and Means Committee evidently believe that they have an exclusive interest in this matter, and they are accordingly resorting to the usual dark-lantern methods of procedure.

The bill upon which they are engaged is being constructed in an out-of-the-way committee-room of the Capitol, to which the Republican members have no access. No opportunity is to be allowed for intelligent criticism of the work. It is understood that the bill will not be submitted to the inspection of the Republican members until it is ready for presentation to the House. In other words, they are to be excluded from participation in a revision which will affect the entire country, and as to which they have as real a responsibility as their Democratic colleagues.

The general impression is that the major part of the work has been done for the committee by Mr. David A. Wells, who reflects the views of the President and Secretary Carlisle, and who has exploited certain views of his own as to the most desirable methods of increasing the public revenues. It is denied that the protection principle will be entirely eliminated, but there is no doubt that some important industries will be seriously affected by the legislation proposed. It was to be expected that the dominant party would revise the McKinley act; but it was not anticipated that this would be attempted at this session of Congress, or until after the final settlement of the silver question. It may be doubted whether the Democracy will gain anything by their precipitancy. It is certain that a

bill which comes from a committee hiding in a corner, and is wholly the product of extreme partisan prejudice, will not command that consideration which an act framed after full and free conference, and with an intelligent regard for all the interests involved, would have received.

The Gag Rule in the Roman Senate.



NE day when the Roman Senate was in session, and M. Porcius Cato had taken the floor for the six thousandth time to tell why Carthage should be destroyed, he noticed in the midst of his speech that nearly all his colleagues had quietly slipped out of the Senate-chamber. Disentangling his long beard from his toga, he burst into a fiery invective against the absent Senators for their lack of Senatorial courtesy "in sneaking out into the lobby whenever the Cato bill for decapitalizing Carthage was called up." The sad-eyed consul with a weary expression languidly took his feet down from the desk, and laying aside on the ivory *sella* the copy of the *Coliseum Sportsman* that he was perusing, hastily sent lictors to beat up a quorum. Now the lictors knew very well where to look for the absentees, and hurrying to the popular and well-known *Rathskeller* in the Forum, found there the missing conscript fathers busily engaged in sipping cold tea and playing a quiet little game of "old maid." At the sight, however, of the lictors and the fasces, the noble Senators made a rush for the door, and a bee-line for the Senate-house. After they had re-entered and the quorum was completed the stern old Cato (whose speech had lasted for twenty successive sessions) calmly arose and amid scandalous cries of "Pull down your toga!" asked unanimous consent to make a few additional remarks on the Carthage question. Then occurred a disgraceful scene that would have shamed even the House of Commons.

Titus Suspicio Gaglius arose and, in his pure idiomatic Latin, demanded that "there be a cutting off as to the debate on the Carthage question." This motion was a monstrous stab at the free institutions of Rome, and Gaglius's colleagues, heartily tired as they were of hearing why Carthage should be destroyed, nevertheless recoiled with horror from this bold attempt to brush the dust off the rules of a dignified deliberative body, and noisy shouts of protest assailed the audacious motion. Meanwhile, Cato kept on with his speech. After loudly boasting that he had brought his winter toga with him, he called for six hundred thousand volumes of the Roman Census, and all the reports of the Roman Board of Augurs, and sent them to the clerk's desk to be read as part of his great speech. Then something dropped. When finally Cato and Gaglius were pulled from under the struggling mass of noble Roman legs and arms (Cato with all his beard gone and Gaglius with both eyes black and blue), and when order was again restored, the minority of one again took the floor and in spite of his absent whiskers proceeded with his reasons for destroying Carthage. Thereupon, his weary colleagues held a whispered conference and decided that the only way to prevent being talked to death by Cato was to declare war against Carthage.

Now it chanced that Cato, in spite of his open avowals of enmity, did not at heart wish for war, because the destruction of Carthage would naturally close the debate, and he could talk no longer on his favorite text. Consequently, when the motion for war was put and carried in the Senate, tears stood in the old man's eyes. He gasped and fainted away in the arms of Spurius Ahala. Then the Senate decreed a thanksgiving for six thousand and one days.

Topics of the Week.

THE Republican State ticket in New York is composed of clean and capable men. It is fairly entitled to the support of every Republican in the State, and of all other citizens who desire to see the corrupt Democratic dynasty broken down.

THE Senate has confirmed the nomination of Mr. Van Alen as ambassador to Italy. It did so on the ground that there is no evidence of any bargain at the time he made his fifty-thousand-dollar contribution to the Democratic campaign fund. Of course this is a mere excuse. Everybody knows that Mr. Van Alen would never have been thought of for this important appointment if he had not made the contribution in question.

THE debate on the Federal Elections bill has developed a good deal of remarkable logic. Thus one Southern Representative, referring to the Civil War, remarked: "You were successful, but you did not whip us; we wore ourselves out trying to whip you." The same speaker, admitting that there had been some violations of the laws in question, argued that the fault lay with those who enacted the laws; "if there had been no such laws they would not have been violated." Another speaker grew eloquent in establishing the proposition that "the people hurled the Republicans from power because the party was

the inveterate enemy of free elections." And still another compared the efforts of certain election officials to enforce the law of the land with the "atrocities of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands." All this is very funny, and is of value also as demonstrating the high quality of the statesmanship which is just now grappling with great public questions.

In his address on "Indiana Day" at the Chicago Exposition ex-President Harrison referred to the growing contempt of law manifested in the lynchings at Roanoke and elsewhere. "I know of nothing to-day," he said, "that so much shames us as a nation as these fiendish, barbarous, devilish lynchings that have occurred throughout the States of our land. I appeal to every man to enroll himself as a defender of law and order in the community where he lives, to stand by the legally constituted authorities of the people, to the death, if need be, in defense of the law and in the protection of any criminal, no matter how heinous the charge against him, until he is brought under the penalties of the law." These words will find a response in the thought of every right-thinking citizen. There is no higher or more urgent personal or public duty than that of strengthening by every means possible the sentiment of absolute obedience to law. Everything of real value in the State rests upon that foundation.

THE violation by the President of the principle of "home rule" in his appointment of Indian agents has provoked a good deal of criticism in the Senate; and the confirmation of certain appointments has been vigorously resisted by Republicans and some Democratic members of that body. The platform upon which Mr. Cleveland was elected declares specifically for the home-rule principle. But in nearly every case the agents nominated by him have been from States other than those to which they were appointed. Thus a favorite of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, was nominated for an agency in Nevada; a citizen of Missouri for an agency in Idaho, and so on. The Committee on Indian Affairs made adverse reports upon all these nominations, and they would have been rejected but for the rather discreditable fact that three Democratic Senators broke their pairs in order to record their votes in the affirmative, and thus save the administration from defeat. It is to be regretted that the President has not followed the example of his predecessor in his policy as to this class of nominations.

THE extent to which the race-track iniquity has corrupted some localities in New Jersey is shown by the action of a Union County township committee in licensing a race-track in consideration that the owners of the racing property should pay to a local corporation the sum of five thousand dollars for the construction of a sewer. The committee which made this corrupt bargain was elected by the opponents of the race-track, and was counted upon to refuse a license. Means were found, however, to seduce its members into a betrayal of their constituents, and the license was granted under a pretense of conferring a public benefit. Subsequently, being alarmed by the outburst of public indignation, they revoked their action, but this tardy recognition of the popular will is not likely to save them from deserved punishment. The grand jury of the county, now in session, have been charged by the presiding judge that it is their duty to indict all the members of the committee who voted for the license, and in the present state of public feeling that body will scarcely dare to ignore the instruction of the court. This is but one illustration of the methods of the race-track gamblers and the scope and extent of the organized conspiracy against the public morals which the Republican party of New Jersey has undertaken to overthrow in the coming Legislative campaign.

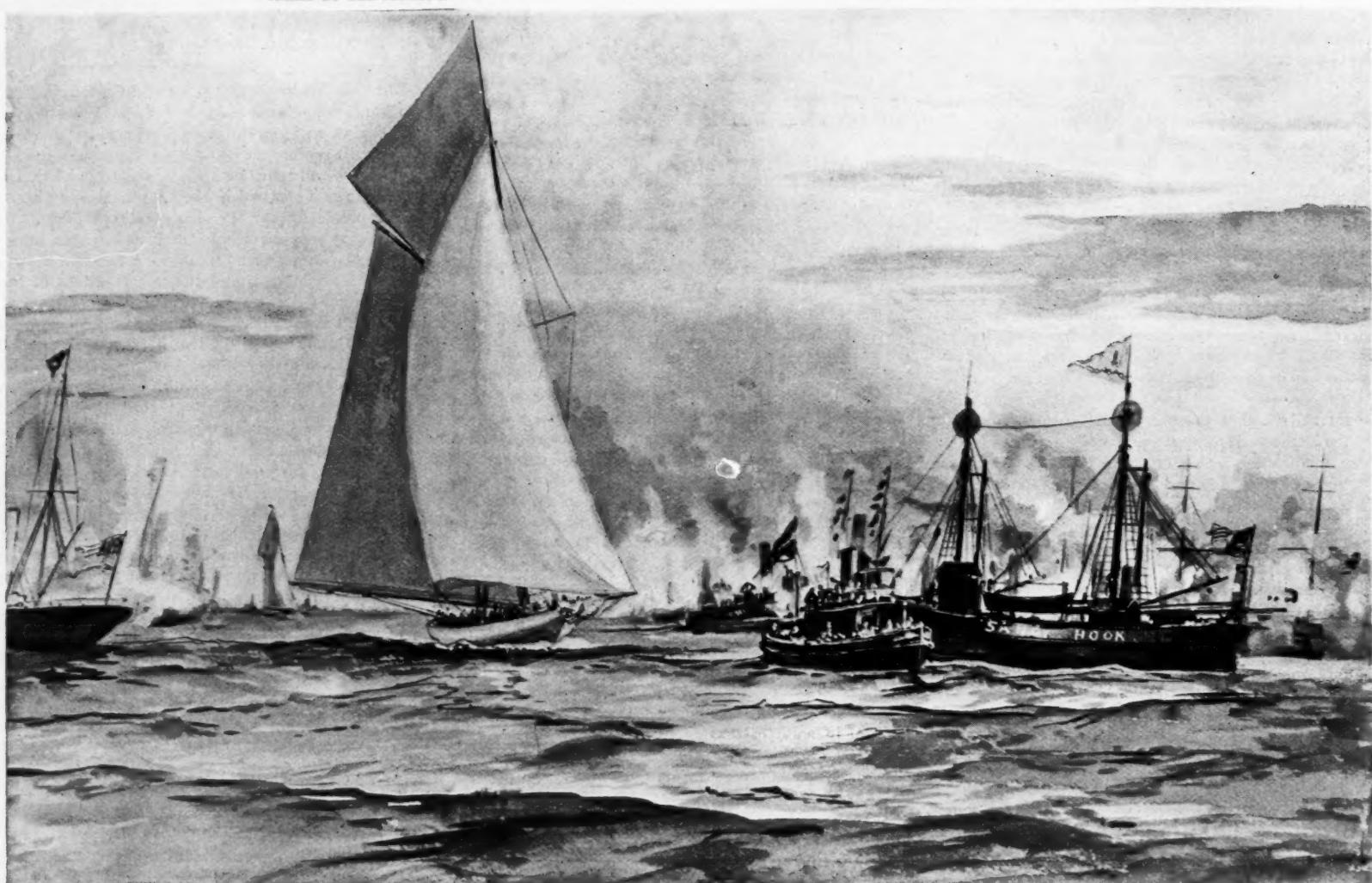
ACCORDING to the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission the large number of 2,554 employés were killed and 23,267 more or less seriously injured on the railways of this country during the year ending with June, 1892. During the same period 376 passengers were killed and 3,227 were injured. During the month ending with the 26th of September last some eighty passengers were killed on American railways. Comparing these statistics with those of former years it appears that the fatalities on our railroads are steadily increasing. This may be due in part to the increase in mileage, but the principal cause, we suspect, is to be found in loose and inefficient management. It is undoubtedly true that most of our great railways have adopted the most approved methods for securing the safety of passengers and employés; but there are many local lines and some connecting with our trunk systems which are lamentably deficient in this respect. The last two months have witnessed a series of disasters which cannot be regarded in any sense as accidental. They were in every case preventable. In view of the valuable franchises they enjoy, and the intimate relation which they sustain to travel and business, our railway corporations should be held to a strict accountability for the performance of all the duties devolving upon them. Chief among these is the duty of rendering travel as absolutely safe as modern appliances, joined to the utmost vigilance and closest attention to detail, can make it.



"THERE GO THE PIGEONS."



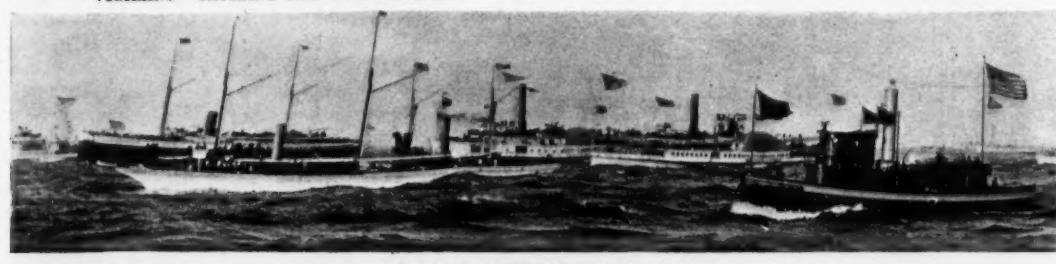
FROM THE DECK OF THE YACHT-CLUB BOAT "ST. JOHNS."



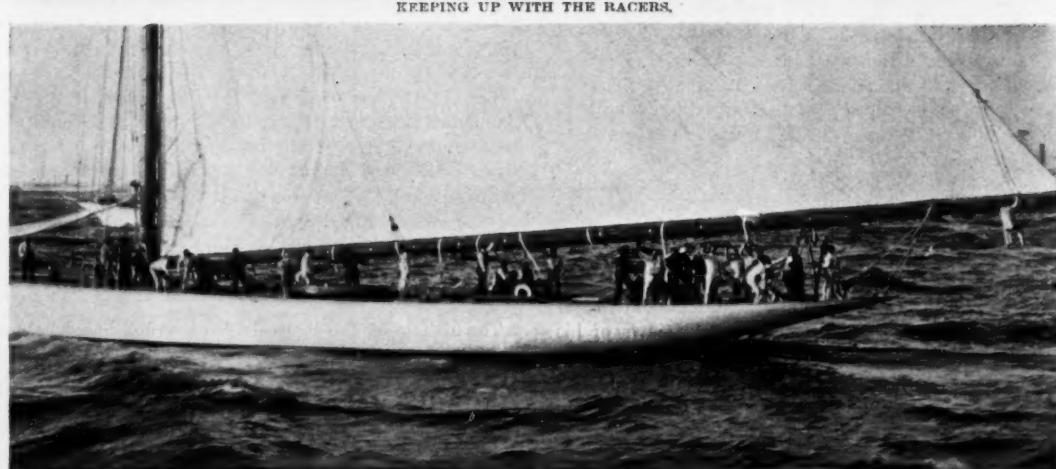
"VIGILANT" CROSSING THE WINNING LINE.



"VALKYRIE" FOLLOWING.



KEEPING UP WITH THE RACERS.



THE VICTOR'S CREW.

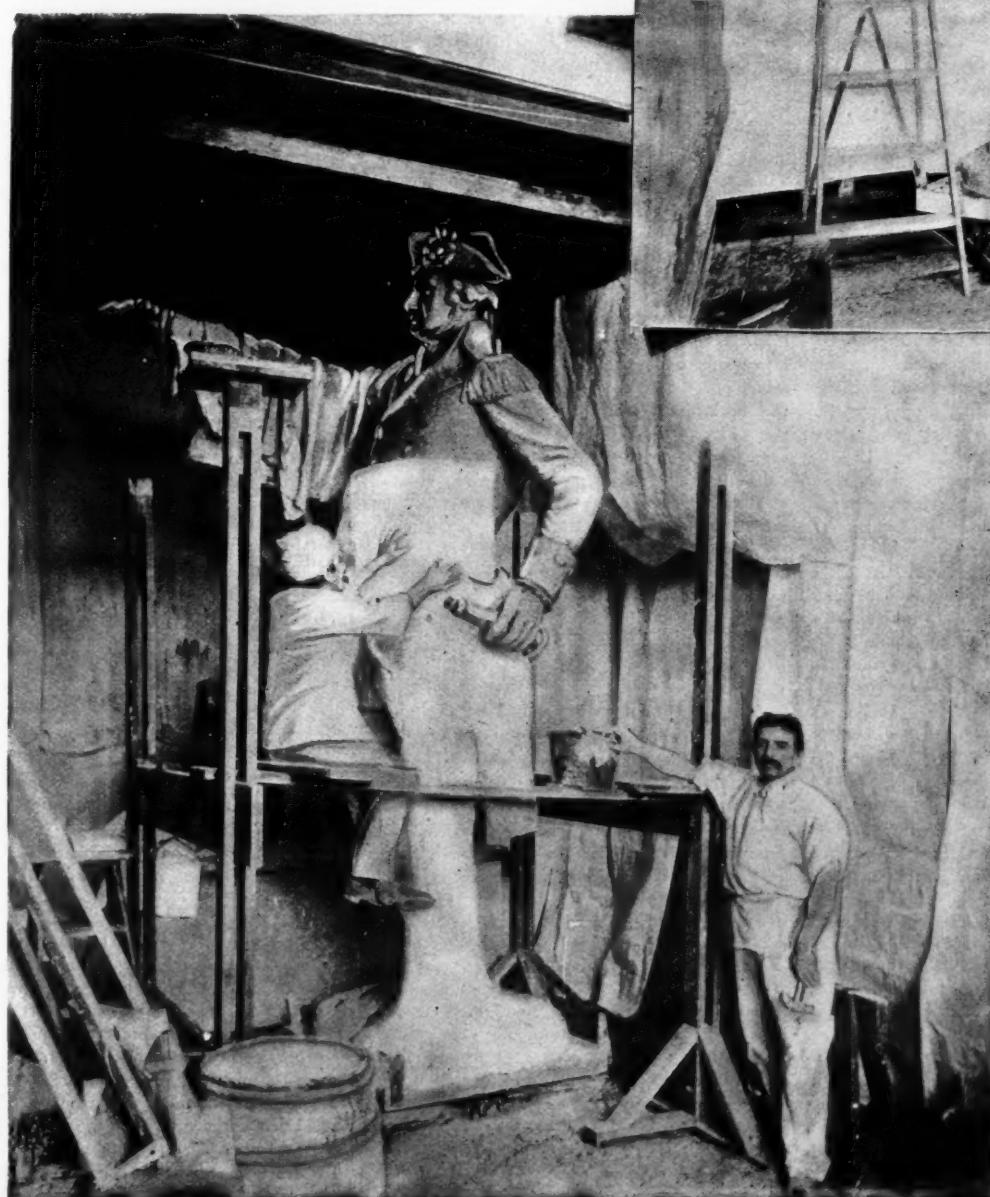
INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP BY PENCIL AND CAMERA.—FROM DRAWING BY F. H. SCHELL AND COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMEN AND BOLLES—[SEE PAGE 258].



MODEL OF THE MONUMENT.



THE SCULPTOR, O'DONOVAN, AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.



MAKING A PLASTER CAST FROM THE CLAY MODEL.

THE BATTLE MONUMENT AT TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—THE MODELING OF THE STATUE
—SKETCHES IN THE STUDIO OF THE SCULPTOR, W. R. O'DONOVAN.

The Trenton Battle Monument.

THE Battle monument at Trenton, New Jersey, which will be unveiled with imposing ceremonies on the 19th inst., is illustrated on this page. The shaft occupies a high and commanding situation at the "Five Points," where several important thoroughfares converge, on the spot where some of the hottest fighting of the Revolutionary battle occurred. The monument was designed by John H. Duncan, of New York, designer of Grant's tomb at Riverside Park, and of the Soldiers' and Sailors' arch in Brooklyn. It is pronounced by capable judges one of the most beautiful and imposing shafts of the kind in this country. It is a round, fluted column one hundred and thirty-five feet in height, of the style known as Roman Doric. It is constructed of pale polished granite, fluted for two-thirds of the length, and crowned by a colossal bronze statue of Washington in the uniform of a Continental officer. The statue was executed by the sculptor, William R. O'Donovan, who is shown in our illustrations. The pedestal, partly of the same material as the shaft, partly of a darker-colored stone, to give more apparent solidity to the base, will be appropriately guarded by the figures of two Continental soldiers.

Inside of the pedestal will be a large room, in which Revolutionary relics will be gathered. On the outside there will be four bronze bass-reliefs, one on each face, each exhibiting some incident of the battle.

The total height of the monument, from the street level to the top of the figure of Washington, will be one hundred and fifty feet. The summit will be reached by an electric elevator inside the hollow column, and will afford an extended and magnificent prospect.

The battle of Trenton, fought in December, 1776, was one of the most important of the Revolutionary War, contributing as it did to stimulate the courage and hopes of the colonists and to correspondingly depress, for the time, the British forces. The erection of this monument is a just tribute to the heroism of the men who in that crisis stood so nobly for liberty and independence. New Jersey honors herself in erecting so worthy a memorial of their valor and sacrifice.

THE BEAUTIES OF GRATITUDE.

(A TRUE STORY.)

BY KATE UPSON CLARK.

DURING the summer of 187- Mr. Charles Bell, the son of a New England millionaire, reached Vienna on his homeward way, after a three years' trip around the world. He had been an only child, and the death of his mother, to whom he had been most tenderly attached, had been the reason for his departure and long absence from his native land. He was thirty-three, a well-built and handsome man, and unmarried. Partly because he was by nature noble and high-minded, and partly because he had had an exceptional home training, he was singularly upright and, whole-hearted—frank, social, unselfish. He was in perfect health, and had enjoyed a glorious trip.

Wandering one day in a public garden of Vienna, Mr. Charles Bell's attention was attracted by the figure of a man who, in an attitude of listless dejection, reclined upon one of the benches. He was tall and fair, and bore traces of refinement about him, in spite of the ragged squalor of his clothing and the discolored and dissipated appearance of his face.

"Poor wretch!" thought Charles Bell. "He is either an Englishman or an American, and he has had hard luck."

He sat down beside the man and fell into conversation with him.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but I am an American, and a trifle lonely in this big city. My party have just gone off without me. I think you must be a fellow-countryman of mine, and maybe you feel as homesick as I do."

The man brightened up and said that he was an Englishman. His name was Rawson Forrester. His accent and language denoted that he was well born and well educated, and Mr. Bell was not surprised to learn that he was a graduate of an English university. Little by little, in return for similar confidences from his companion, he told his whole story. He was the son of an English gentleman of some fortune, and was educated for the church. Then he fell into bad ways, gave up the idea of following any profession, broke his father's and mother's hearts, and squandered all of his fortune.

"Here I am," he concluded, "at twenty-eight, without a friend or a penny in the world, and in an hour more, if you had not spoken to me, I should have been at the bottom of the river. It is where I belong—the only place that is left for me. There is nobody to care what becomes of me."

Charles Bell's heart was profoundly touched.

"See here," he exclaimed, impulsively. "I like you, and I wish that we might be friends. These thoughts are wicked and unworthy of you. You are half sick. When you get well you will regret them. Come home to my hotel with me and we'll have a good dinner, and then you will feel like taking hold of life again."

The young man hesitated and looked down at his clothes.

"That's all right," said Charles Bell. "I don't care if you don't."

So they walked off together.

They had a good dinner. Rawson Forrester tried to restrain himself and eat like other people, but it was impossible to conceal the fact that he was half-starved.

After dinner Charles Bell took his new friend to a tailor and had him fitted to a suit of clothes. Then he engaged a room for him near his own at the hotel.

"I'm lonely," he explained, "and I enjoy your company. Is there any reason why you shouldn't stay with me a while?"

Rawson Forrester said that there was no reason on earth why he should stay in one place more than another, and for three weeks they lived on together in Vienna, Bell keeping his new friend constantly under his eye, and taking him everywhere with him so far as he possibly could. When absolutely obliged to go away from him for a few hours he piled up books around him and advised him not to leave his room until he returned. This injunction Charles Bell had no reason to think Forrester ever disregarded. He became sincerely attached to his protégé.

"He is too fine a fellow to be allowed to go to the dogs," thought this princely missionary, "and I will keep him from it if I can—God helping me."

The time approached when Charles Bell must leave Vienna. He had arranged some weeks

before to spend a month in traveling through Switzerland with a party of friends. Then he was going to England, and thence home.

"Now, Forrester," he said, "I've got to leave you. I wish I could take you with me through Switzerland, but the party was made up before I came to Vienna, and it can't be changed. Now, I don't want to lose you; I like you, and I hope you like me a little. How will this plan suit you? I will pay your board ahead at the hotel here for four weeks, and leave you with money enough to get to England. You will find me on the 6th of September at the Adelphi Hotel in London. Will you join me there at that time?"

Rawson Forrester promised to follow this programme, and Charles Bell started for Switzerland.

The 6th of September arrived and found him at the Adelphi in London, anxiously awaiting the appearance of his Vienna friend, from whom he had heard nothing since they parted. He had not expected to hear, for his itinerary was uncertain, and he could furnish no addresses; but now he wished, especially as the days passed by and no Rawson Forrester appeared, that he had made some arrangement for letters to pass between them. Ten days fleetingly by, Charles Bell feared that his little experiment in reformation was never to be heard of again.

One evening he had gone to his room and was just about to retire for the night when a knock came at his door. He opened it, and there stood Rawson Forrester; but he was not the fair and handsome man from whom Charles Bell had parted a few short weeks before. His face had the old swollen, sodden look, his eyes were bloodshot, his clothing was filthy and torn. He looked even more disreputable than on that memorable day in the Vienna garden; but Charles Bell took no apparent notice of his plight.

"How are you, old fellow?" he cried, cordially. "I've been looking for you. Something detained you, I suppose. Your room is engaged. I had a fine time in Switzerland, but I wished every day that you were with me."

Rawson Forrester congratulated him. Charles Bell ordered up a little supper in honor of his friend's arrival. It was obviously needed. Then they separated for the night. Charles Bell taking care to see that his friend was safe in his room before he left him.

The next morning Bell was up very early. He had not slept much. Forrester's case was on his mind. He strolled into the street, thinking hard as he walked along. He was terribly worried about the young man in whose reformation he had invested so much love and money. It was evident that the poor wretch could not be trusted for a single day alone. His moral nature was too weak, but there was something in his look as he had stood at Charles Bell's door last evening which had plainly told his benefactor that he was penitent, and that his pride was on fire to do better.

"How can I impress him?" thought Bell as he wandered on. "He is in a softened, humble mood. What can I say or do? What safeguard can I throw around him in order to protect the little germ of manhood which he still possesses? Is there not some way in which he can be definitely committed to a better life?"

He was at this moment passing a modest residence on a quiet street, and a man was coming out of it whose garb indicated that he was a clergyman of the Church of England. His face was one to inspire confidence. Without stopping for more than a good look at him, Charles Bell accosted him and asked permission to walk along beside him and tell him a story. The clergyman, surprised, but evidently glad to be of help to any one, assented cordially, and Charles Bell told him all that he knew of Rawson Forrester's sad history. The clergyman, whose name proved to be Branch, listened with sympathy, and approved the vague project which his companion had in mind.

"Come around to my church this evening," he said when they parted, and showing him how to reach the place. "I will have some friends there, and I will devise a little service which may accomplish your purpose. I will think about it during the day."

Charles Bell thought of Forrester's appearance, and suggested a somewhat later date, which the clergyman fixed.

Upon his return to the hotel he found his friend dressed and waiting for him. After

breakfast they visited tailors and boot-makers, and by a few days more the backslider was transformed again, and again at Bell's expense, into the model of a handsome young English gentleman.

Upon the appointed evening, Charles Bell proposed a stroll to his friend, and they soon approached the little chapel where the clergyman had promised to await them.

"What a pretty place!" remarked Bell. "Let's look into it, Forrester."

"All right," assented the young man, and they walked in. True to his promise, there was Mr. Branch, with a young man, whom he introduced as his brother, and two beautiful and refined women—his wife and her sister, he said as he brought them forward.

"It is delightful to see you again, Mr. Branch," said Charles Bell, as though he and the rector were the oldest of friends. "I had never seen your chapel, you know. What a charming little place it is! I am glad to have run into it, for I would like nothing better than to have you and Mr. Forrester become acquainted."

They talked on in the gathering twilight. The rector lighted the candles which stood in sconces about the walls near the altar and upon it, and purposely led the conversation into serious channels. It was a singularly impressive scene and time. Every good word seemed to fall with redoubled effect.

"I don't know what it is about these beautiful little English churches," said Charles Bell, "but there is something very solemn to me in them all. It makes me want to be better. Now I am not an irreligious man, though I have never joined a church. I have always tried to do the best I could, and I have tried to be such a man as I think my mother would like to have me—but to-night I feel as though I ought to take a more distinct pledge than I ever have taken before, to lead a better life. Have you any such pledge that you administer to your poor people around here, Mr. Branch? It would give me great pleasure to take it at your hands—hero among these few friends who, I am sure, sympathize with me—and amid these very poetic and uplifting surroundings. Do you feel like joining me in such a service, Forrester?"

The young man assented, and the rector said, "Let us pray." They fell upon their knees and joined fervently in the earnest petition which fell from the clergyman's lips. Every eye was wet when they rose, and the young men were asked to present themselves before the altar. There they promised, in the most solemn terms, henceforth to devote themselves to God's work in the world, to abstain from all intoxicants and gambling, and to keep themselves pure and holy, as awaiting the coming of the Lord Jesus. It was a full and explicit pledge to a better life. Printed statements of this pledge were presented to them for their signature, and the young men were given copies of these to keep with them always. As the good rector bade Charles Bell and his companion farewell, it was plain to them all that Rawson Forrester was deeply affected. He probably understood that this had been a prepared scheme to help him in his pitiable efforts to reform, but he had evidently appreciated and entered into it with all his soul. It had a powerful effect upon him.

A day or two later Charles Bell, accompanied still by Rawson Forrester, whose hotel bills and passage he had paid, sailed for America.

On reaching New York disastrous news awaited him. His father's affairs, which he had known to be somewhat involved for several months past, had now reached a critical point. The old man himself was ill, and as soon as his son arrived, he succumbed entirely. In a few weeks he died, leaving Charles Bell overpowered with grief, and with all sorts of law-suits and other complications on his hands.

In the meantime, in spite of his own cares, he did not forget Rawson Forrester. A place was secured for him as clerk in an office, where his associations would be somewhat looked after, and he would receive a good salary. When Charles Bell was obliged to start for California, a few weeks after his father's death, he bade Forrester good-bye. It was many years before he returned to New York. When the estate was finally settled only a remnant was left of the enormous fortune which Charles Bell had expected to inherit. He sought a foreign land and for many years he roamed among strangers.

The time came when he found himself again in New York. Picking up a newspaper, he read in it a notice of a service to be held that evening in a well-known Episcopal church not far from his hotel. It was announced that there would be preaching by the rector, "the Rev. Rawson Forrester."

"That name could hardly belong to anybody

but my old friend," thought Charles Bell. "I must go around to that service."

The appointed hour found him among the worshipers in the large and fashionable church which had been designated in the paper. He secured a good seat and waited anxiously for the appearance of the rector. Stately, elegant, dignified, he at last advanced from the vestry. He was indeed none other than the young misanthrope of the Vienna garden.

"What an interesting tale he will have to tell!" thought Charles Bell with a quickening pulse, and he could hardly wait for the conclusion of the service to hear that story.

It would be easier to close this little narrative right here than to go on with it, but since it is entirely true, the final scene must be briefly pictured. As the congregation dispersed, Charles Bell lingered, and as soon as possible sought the vestry, impatient to grasp his old friend by the hand.

"What a meeting they must have had!" you exclaim. "I can imagine how Rawson Forrester threw himself into the arms of his benefactor and acknowledged, with streaming eyes, the debt of gratitude he owed him. He told him that all of his success under God was due to the disinterested efforts of that benefactor. He told him how constantly he had watched for him through all these years—how he had longed to share with him each new hope and joy that had come to him—he took him home to his wife and children, and declared that henceforth his home should be Charles Bell's home; he said to his wife: 'This is the best friend I have ever had!'"

But you are going too fast for the facts in the case.

Two or three parishioners had preceded Charles Bell into the vestry, and he waited for them to finish their interviews. At last his turn came, and he approached Rawson Forrester with a confident smile and an outstretched hand. The rector accepted this civility at first with a trifle of doubt, then more cordially as a look of recognition crept over his face. He had always had a slight lisp, and time had increased it.

"Wy, Mr. Bell!" he exclaimed, calling his name without difficulty. "How do you do? This is weally, you know, a great pleazha, you know. It is a long time since we met, indeed, you know. I hope you have been—ah—well all this time. Delighted, I am suah, you know. I wish I could talk with you for a while, you know—I weally do—ah—but my family are not vewy well—ah—and then I have already been detained, you know, and I must beg to be excused, you know. Vewy glad to have seen you, I am suah, you know. Good-night." And Mr. Charles Bell found himself standing alone in the midst of the luxurios little vestry, while the smiling rector was vanishing within the door of an inner apartment.

He returned to his hotel. He had seen a good deal of life and of human nature, but he had learned to-night more than he had ever known before, and considerably more than is probably understood by the elegant congregation to which the Rev. Rawson Forrester ministers.

This meeting occurred during the winter of 1891. In the fall of 1892 Charles Bell died. It will probably be a relief to the Rev. Rawson Forrester, if he reads this story, as it is devoutly hoped that he will, to know that he will not be in danger of meeting his old friend again on earth, and a human and finite understanding can hardly see how they can 'ever meet elsewhere.

At the Columbian Exposition.

A Day on the Midway.

THE "madame" wanted to see the State buildings, the Bostonese wanted to study the Educational exhibits, the "right-hand man" wanted to go to the Midway, and so in her heart did the "appendage"; but in order to appear somewhat intellectual she insisted upon doing the Transportation building

But we had our way; and what a good time we had that warm August afternoon, sitting upon the piazza of a Turkish café which advertised "Turkish soft drinks" in large type upon its sign. We do not know what those soft drinks may be, for we dared not venture beyond lemonade, but we hope they were better of their kind than was the lemonade. However, we thus paid for our seats and could watch the human kaleidoscope before us undisturbed. Such bewildering costumes, such strange creatures, such weird jargons. Men in beautiful silk tea-gowns (at least that was their general style), long, colored silk gowns girdled with a cord and flying open in front over silk shirts of another color, simply gorgeous in effect. These were Egyptians, we

learned. Then men in bright red or blue knickerbockers—the legs of which were lost in the voluminous seats—with zouave jackets above over a brilliant shirt, all embroidered in almost a solid mass with gold. Sandals flip-flapping at every step, and the endless folds of the turban above it all. These were Turks, and picturesque enough they were in costume, although they seemed far from attractive in the face. And black men, as black as ebony, clothed in white, looking like statues in black and white marble. And women masked and veiled, looking out between the folds with glittering black eyes, somewhat astonished, I doubt not, at the American women about them.

It was all like fairyland, even to the prince who came in the shape of a Bedouin Arab. Such a magnificent creature. Six feet two if an inch, with the rich brown of the desert sun upon his cheek, fine and clean-cut of feature, softly waving black hair that crept from its fastenings down upon the low, broad forehead, and black eyes that sparkled and flashed with fullness of life, strength, and happiness. All this set off by a most impressive costume of red and gold, with high red Morocco boots, while the head and neck were protected from the burning sun by an Oriental silk scarf laid over the head and hanging down each side of the face,—a soft silken frame to its strong beauty. "This was a man," in truth; wild and barbaric, I doubt not, but still a noble creature, as fiercely beautiful a thing in his way as was the horse which carried him. This was a full-blooded Arabian horse, brought here from the desert to give exhibitions of his blood and training in conjunction with many others, and the fairy prince was one of the Arab riders whose skill and strength holds the audience spell-bound in admiration. Looking upon the lithe limbs and iron muscles of both horse and rider one could but whisper:

"From the desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind,
In the speed of my desire."

Soon after a shrill voice rose from the turret of the mosque in the Turkish community, and looking upward we saw a tall figure, robed and turbanned entirely in white, calling aloud to the four corners of the earth to come to prayers. It was five o'clock, one of the five daily calls to prayer of the Mohammedan, and soon a crowd gathered about the open door of the mosque to watch, with jest and jeer, the religious devotions of another race. This is the crying evil of the American people—their utter want of reverence—and the courteous silence and calm indifference which the humblest worshiper in that gaudy mosque displayed in the face of such excessive incivility pointed a bitter reflection upon our "advanced civilization." They bathe the feet and hands outside the door, that no taint of earthly things shall defile the sacred place, and then humble themselves, even face upon the ground, before Allah the only. We may not agree with them, we can but esteem their determined observance of their duty in the face of such painful circumstances.

When the mosque is not being used for prayer one may, for a consideration, enter and inspect its rugs and decorations after removing the shoes or slipping on shoes provided for the purpose, and its semi-barbaric splendor is very effective. The Turkish shops are not particularly novel to the resident of a large city, for our own shops import so largely nowadays, but the being right in the midst of so many of the race adds a charm to it all. The costumes are so brilliant; the women are so very fat and homely in the long run and so beautifully decked; the young girls are so beautiful in many cases, and the little children are so fascinating with their big, astonished black eyes, that one is delighted.

In the Turkish theatre we were tremendously entertained. It is a long, narrow, poorly lighted but brilliantly decorated room filled with rows of wooden chairs. Here the performance goes on continuously, and for one admission one may remain all day. The plot is tragic, and the stern parent, the abused lover, the dutiful but unhappy daughter, and the sympathetic mother are out in full force. Nothing more amusing could be witnessed than this attempt at acting. An American child of five years, when acting out some scenes she has witnessed among her elders, is as accomplished and mature in her gestures as these children of the East. So ungainly, so stiff, so absolutely conscious and unnatural—ah, it is delightful. And then the dancing! It is not dancing in our acceptance of the word, it is wriggling, and truly a revelation in acrobatics.

Add to all this the smiling, good-natured gentleman who cheerfully and persistently explains in the most remarkable English the performance upon the stage and we are vastly entertained. Were it not for this explanation

one might comprehend something of it all; but this, for instance—"Now the lover she is distract in its tent that whereby to fight has to come no the girl its relieve"—leaves the hearer a little hazy as to who, what or which is to fight, or to find relief, or to be "distract." Altogether the assurance of the crier outside that the show is worth the price of admission is quite truthful.

R. S. DIX.

The Hunter's Moon.

A FROSTY presage fills the air,
The hills are lost in haze, and soon
High in the heaven, full and fair,
Will rise the hunter's moon.

And with the moonrise she will come
Down garden paths we knew of old.
Where summer's fairest flowers lie numb
With withered red and gold;

All save the flower of love—confessed
The bloom that holds us most in thrall,
And this within her faithful breast
Doth spring perennial.

Then rise, oh, hunter's moon, and grace
The dark earth with thy silvery boon;
A dearer light thou bring'st—her face—
To me, oh, hunter's moon!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

International Cricket.

It was perfectly natural that the Australian cricketers should make their first appearance in this country at Philadelphia. That city is peculiarly the home of cricket. Its clubs have a membership of nearly if not quite three thousand. There are at least five first-class cricket grounds in and near the city. The grounds of the Germantown Club at Mauheim, of the Philadelphia at Wissahickon, Tioga at Westmoreland, and Belmont in West Philadelphia are among the finest in the world, and it is doubtful if there is anything in England to equal the Manheim grounds, either in the superbly-laid-out turf or the magnificently-appointed club-house. Then there are the old grounds at Nicetown, and those of the Young America Cricket Club at Stenton. All these are within the city limits, and can be reached by steam or street cars by the public. In the majority of cases the players live within walking distance of their club grounds. Besides these grounds the Merion Club, one of the first clubs in this country, has splendidly-laid-out grounds and elaborate club-house at Merion, a station on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Haverford College has an equally well-cared-for cricket field. In addition to these foremost organizations are the following organized clubs, some of which have grounds of their own or play in vacant fields in the outlying districts, and have, probably, a membership of three thousand more: Melrose, Wayne, St. Davids, Riverton, Cherry Grove, Redley Park, West Chester, Oakland, Belfield, University of Pennsylvania, Camden, Pennsylvania Railroad, Bank Clerks, Excelsior, Frankford, Norristown, Fairfield, North End, Tacony, and Haddonfield. A few of these are in neighboring towns, but all look to Philadelphia for their cricket. Most of the matches are played on Saturday, and, excepting in the case of the cup matches, according to local rules are limited to single-innings games. This latter regulation has done a great deal to foster the sport, because if three full days, or even two, were taken to play out a full two-innings game, it would make it almost impossible to arrange any matches at all.

The first match between the Gentlemen of Philadelphia and the Australians was played on the beautiful grounds of the Belmont Cricket Club at Forty-ninth Street and Chester Avenue, West Philadelphia, which is only ten minutes by the Pennsylvania Railroad from Broad Street, and half an hour by the street-cars. A new grand-stand and a new club-house have just been completed, and the cricket field is as level as a billiard-table. To the rear of the new club-house are the tennis courts, thirty in number. On a fine afternoon these are all occupied by ladies and gentlemen, and a prettier sight than this presents cannot be imagined. There is also a Ladies' Auxiliary Association, which does splendid work for the club. These Elmwood grounds are perfect in every respect for cricket, but in picturesqueness they do not compare with the Germantown grounds. The latter at first acquaintance could easily be mistaken for a rich man's country seat. There the ladies, for instance, and the juniors have houses of their own, and the club-house has all the appointments of a city one. The grounds are surrounded by a splendid stone-wall and a fine grille on its main front, with a substantial gateway. The entire scheme of buildings is in the best colonial style, and it is doubtful if it has its equal anywhere as a cricket club grounds. In 1882, when the Australians played in Philadelphia, the Quaker City lads did not consider themselves strong enough to cope on even terms

with their rivals from "Kangaroo Land," so they put eighteen men in the field, and their combined score for two innings was 158. That Philadelphia cricket has marvelously improved, everybody who watches the game knows, and when the Philadelphians went to the bat for their first inning on Friday, the 29th ult., their friends expected a fair showing, but not even the most sanguine anticipated such wonderful batting form as they displayed. They finished their first inning on the following day, rolling up the gigantic total of 525 runs against a first-class team. This beats the record several times over for an international match in this country. The magnitude of the achievement can be judged when it is stated that the highest single-innings score made against these Australian cricketers during their recent tour in England was 483, made by an *All England eleven* on the Kensington Oval, London. Of this remarkable total of 525 Mr. Frank Bohlen was "top score" with 118, the highest score yet made in an international match by an American cricketer. The Australians proved themselves splendid fielders, their pick-up and return being absolutely faultless. Twenty thousand people witnessed Saturday's play, and the excitement and enthusiasm were unlimited.

The second day's play commenced with the Australians at the bat. The day was perfect, and the interest was great. Public expectation as to the work of the visiting team was not realized. They scored only 258, making a total of 457 for the two innings, giving the game to the Philadelphians by 68 runs and an inning.

The match of the Australians against the fifteen of New York took place on the 3d and 4th inst., on the grounds of the Staten Island Cricket Club at Livingston. In point of interest it did not at all compare with the Philadelphia match. The New York club made only 101 runs in the first inning. The Australians, playing thirteen men, were dismissed for a total of 216. In the second inning the New Yorkers had scored 96 runs for twelve wickets when stumps were drawn. Thus time alone saved the home team from defeat.

In the return match with All Philadelphia, October 6th, 7th, and 9th, the Australians did better work, disposing of their antagonists in the first inning for 119 runs. In their turn they made 153 runs. The Philadelphians in their second inning, greatly to the disappointment of the large concourse of spectators, made a score of only 106, giving them a total of 225. The Australians, resuming play on the 9th with 53 runs to their credit, soon added 21, thus winning the match with six wickets to spare. The grounds being very wet on the first two days, batting was practically impossible, and this accounts in some measure for the disappointing result.

Our Foreign Pictures.

ALPINE FATALITIES

MODERN science has not perceptibly lessened the dangers of Alpine climbing, and the glaciers of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Jungfrau, and the Matterhorn to-day present the same fascinations and perils, if not the same mystery, that they did a hundred years ago. The latter peak, which rivals the sovereign Mont Blanc in its record of fatalities, was, during the latter part of the past summer, the scene of the distressing accident illustrated in our picture reproduced from the Italian *Illustrazione*. On the 7th of August a son of the late proprietor of the Oifell Hotel at Zermatt, accompanied by the well-known Swiss guide, Binner Porte, having traversed the Furka pass and Matterhorn, were descending on the Italian side, tied together according to custom, when a misstep precipitated both into a crevasse. Another party of three, who had accompanied the pair over the route, had warned them of the peril of advancing separately, but in vain. The mutilated bodies of the two unfortunate victims were subsequently found on a lower glacier several thousand feet below the scene of the accident.

ARMY BRIDGE-BUILDING

An incident of the fall manoeuvres of the Austrian army—bridge-building at Krems, on the Danube, is illustrated on page 257. The bridge was constructed in two hours by 280 soldiers under the command of Colonel Jules Latscher, general pioneer inspector. The river at the point crossed is over one hundred feet broad, and the current has a considerable velocity.

M. ZOLA IN LONDON.

The recent visit of M. Emile Zola to London seems to have created something of a sensation in literary circles. He was the recipient of marked attentions from the Institute of Journalists, whose conference he attended by invitation, and he was present at the reception given

by the Lord Mayor in honor of the institute, and also of a Crystal Palace banquet. A paper read by him before the institute on anonymity in journalism was received with a good deal of favor, his argument being that a paper gains in power just what it loses in personality. "In politics it is no longer this or that leader-writer that matters; it is the opinion of the newspaper as a whole." He held, however, that in letters and art, signed criticism ought to carry more weight than the anonymous article.

FORAGING FOR FUEL.

An illustration from the London *Graphic* shows the straits to which the very poor in some parts of London are reduced in the matter of fuel. In the vicinity of Drury Lane and Clare Market the authorities are repairing the roadway, taking up and replacing the wood blocks so as to make them more smooth and secure. Here crowds of ragged, dirty children congregate every morning, watching for stray chips and bits of wood, which are eagerly seized and carried off. The scene is at once pathetic and picturesque.

A SINGLE-RAIL RAILWAY.

We give an illustration of a curious single-rail railway in County Kerry, Ireland, the only one of the kind in Great Britain. The road is operated by electricity. The cars, it will be observed, look like panniers strung across a horse or mule, and the whole equipment is in the last degree unique. The engine, of which a separate picture is given, looks more like a plaything than a locomotive designed for real work.

FACE STUDIES

BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

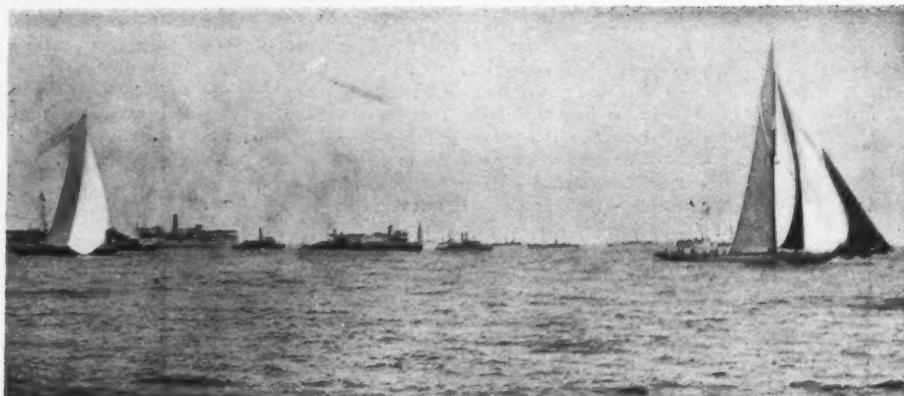
Julia Marlowe.

A WARM nature and somewhat impressionable temperament is written upon this face. The soft, full lips and rounded chin suggest an inner ardor which is easily roused, which can glow and expand at the will of its possessor. The nose is expressive of readiness of adaptability rather than any great degree of individuality. The eyes suggest the possibility of the expression of many emotions, but emotions which have a tendency to come to the surface and expend themselves outwardly rather than to sink in and leave impression on the inward nature. The eyebrows are moderately reflective, and beneath their outer corners lies a liberal touch of calcul-

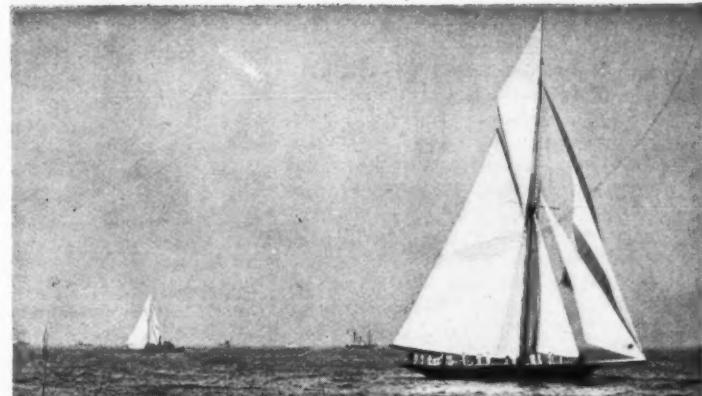


JULIA MARLOWE.

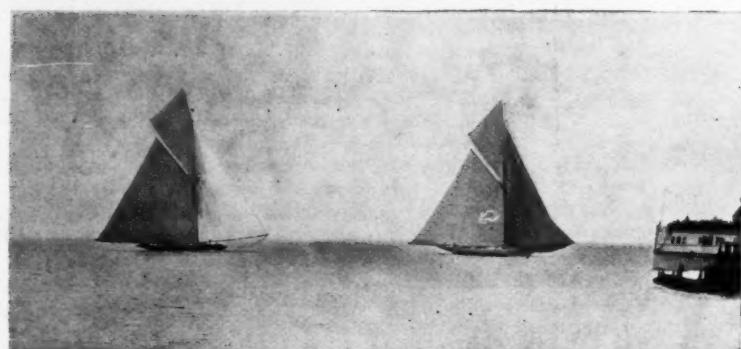
lation. By the aid of this latter faculty it is possible to plan, systematize, and carry out. Self-appreciation and dependence upon the appreciation of others are to be seen. Mentally, she is ready of wit; by virtue of a certain sympathetic quality she can bring a touch of analysis to bear, can reason out and solve difficulties which from a purely mental sense are probably beyond the absolute grasp of her mind. She does not reason them out, she feels. It is not unsafe to say that here is a nature seldom sounded completely, not even by herself; but she is thoroughly feminine, has ready sensibilities, and with a touch of sentimentality combines an excellently shrewd and practical cast of mind.



1. THE START—"VIGILANT" IN LEAD.



6. "VALKYRIE" MAKING TACK JUST BEFORE TURNING FLAG-STAKE.



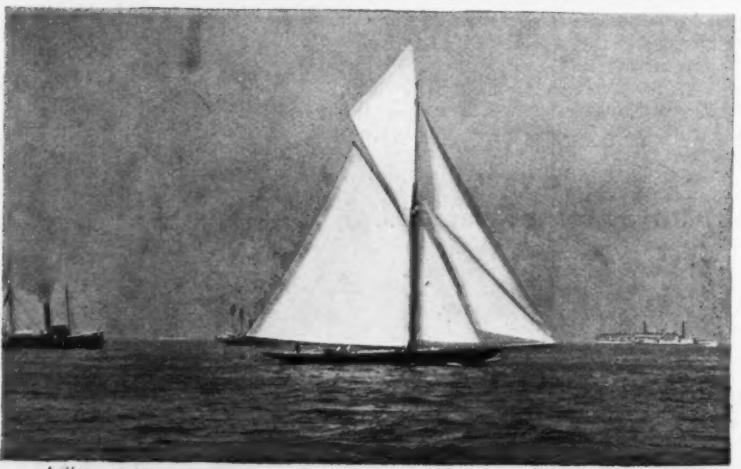
2. IMMEDIATELY AFTER START—"VIGILANT" LEADING.



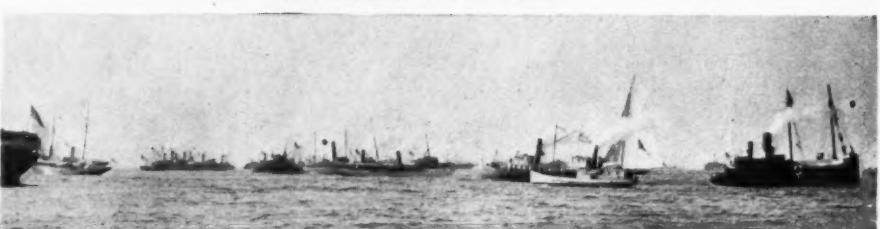
7. "VALKYRIE" TURNING STAKE.



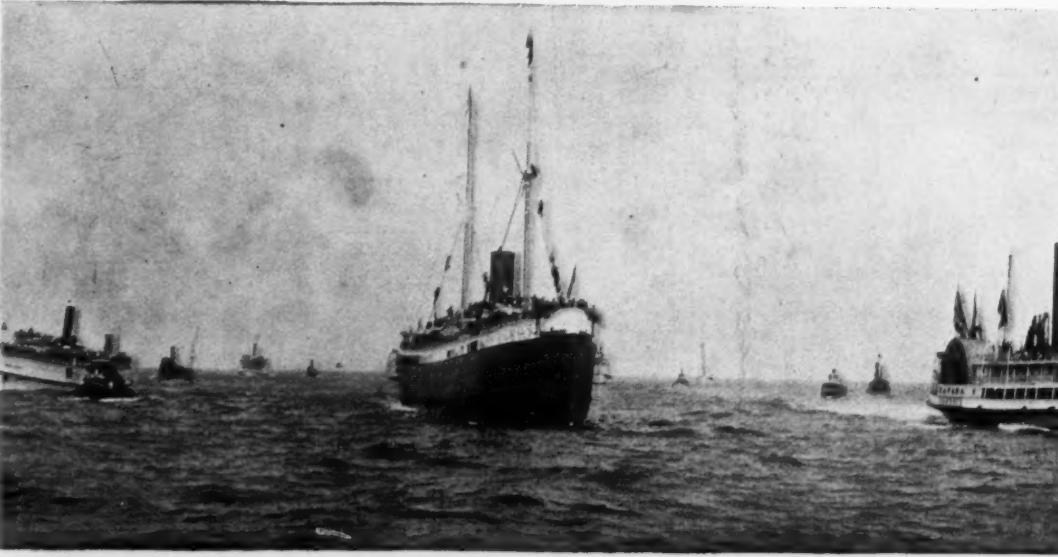
3. "VALKYRIE" PASSING—"VIGILANT" IN STAYS.



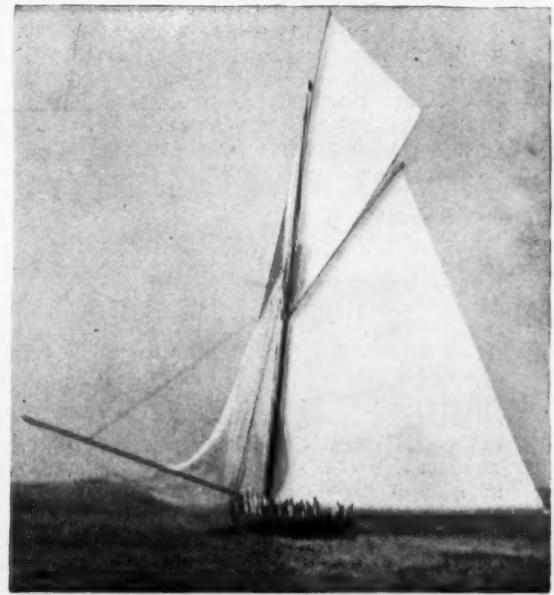
4. "VALKYRIE" LEAVING "VIGILANT" WHILE "VIGILANT" IS IN STAYS.



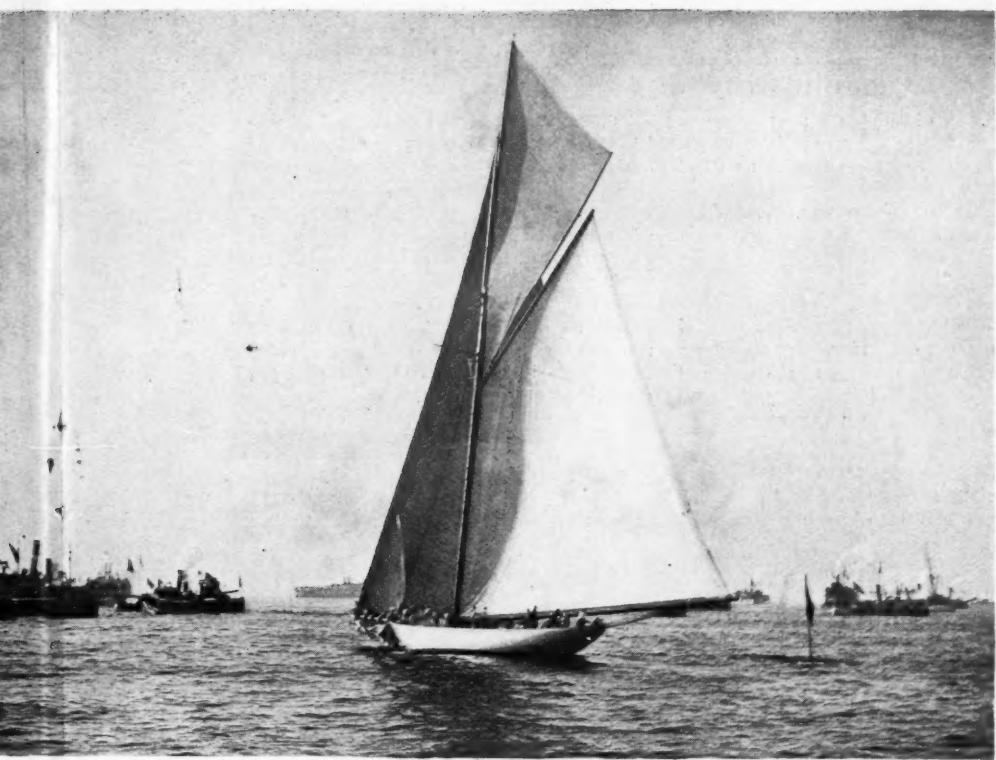
8. FLEET OF EXCURSION STEAMERS SALUTING "VALKYRIE" WHEN ROUNDING THE TURNING-FLAG.



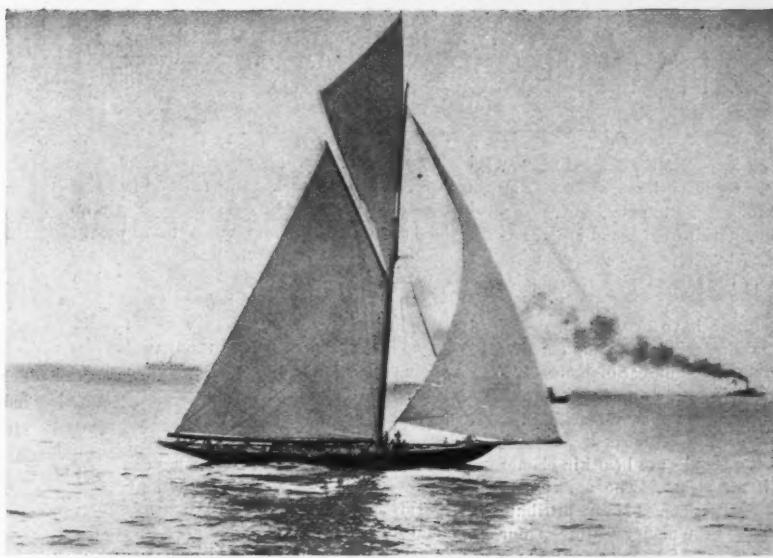
5. STEAMERS FOLLOWING THE RACERS.



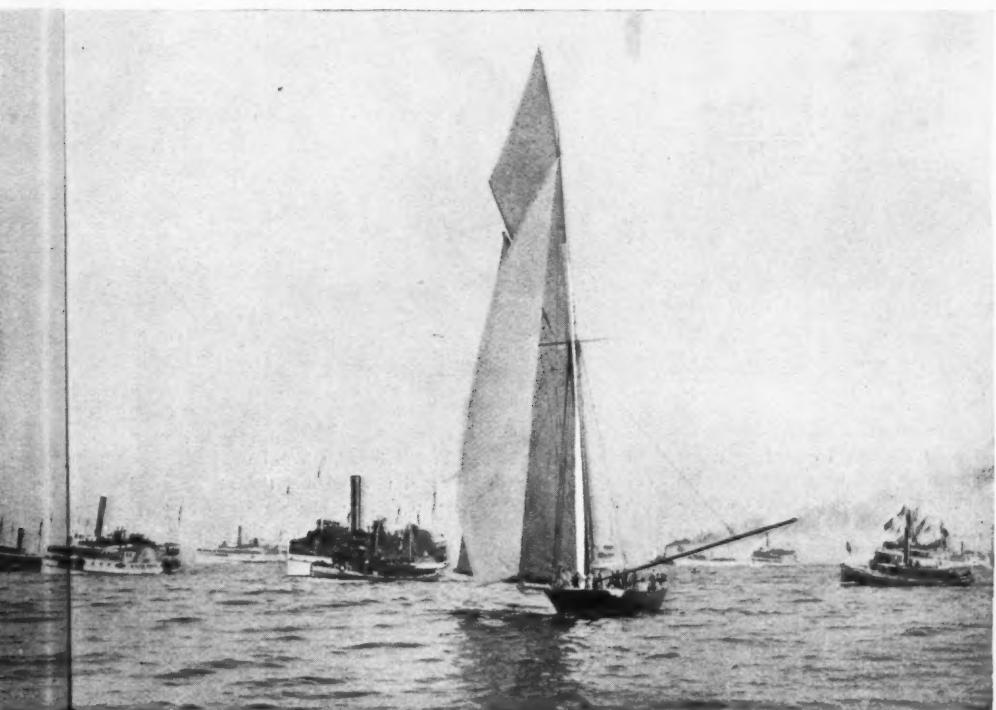
9. "VALKYRIE" SETTING SPINNAKER ON THE RUN HOME.



10. "VIGILANT" TURNING STAKE.



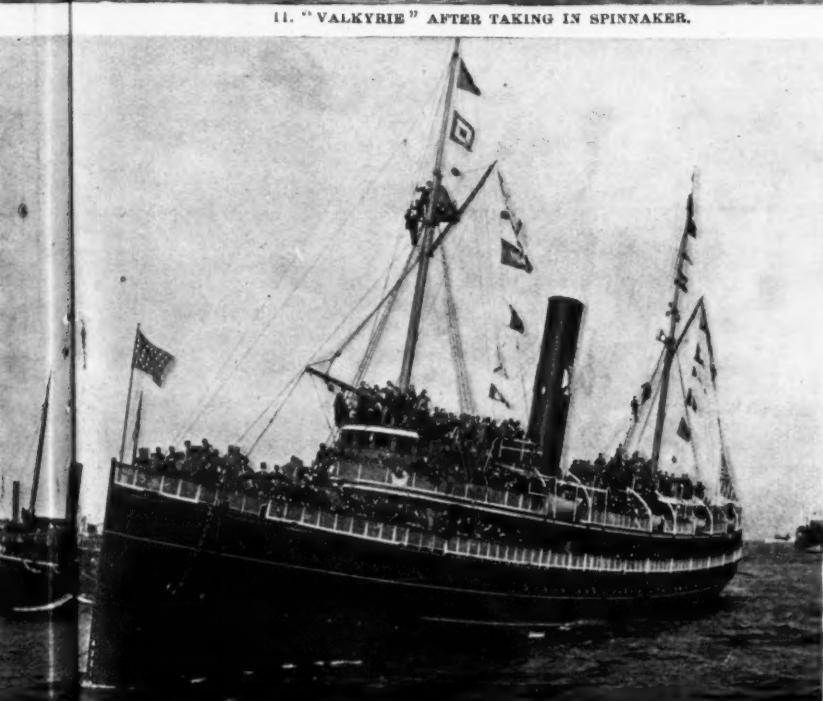
13. "VALKYRIE" ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM TURNING-FLAG ON THE RUN HOME.



11. "VALKYRIE" AFTER TAKING IN SPINNAKER.



14. CHEERING VICTORIOUS "VIGILANT."



12. CROWD WATCHING RACE FROM STEAMER "OLIVETTE."



15. GENERAL VIEW AT TURNING-FLAG.

THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION.

PART I.—THE MONEY SUPPLY. PART II.—THE GOLD VALUE OF A SILVER DOLLAR. PART III.—GOLD AND SILVER PRODUCTION. PART IV.—FREE COINAGE—THE REAL CAUSE.

THE MONEY SUPPLY.

Is there enough money in the United States? Men in all branches of business are declaring that it is almost impossible to get money. Merchants cannot make collections, and are therefore unable to buy new stocks of goods, and at the same time find the sale of present supplies very slow.

Many manufacturers have closed their doors, and many others are either running on part time or have reduced the number of hands employed, or have reduced the rate of wages paid, and therefore the supply of money reaching the working people is greatly diminished.

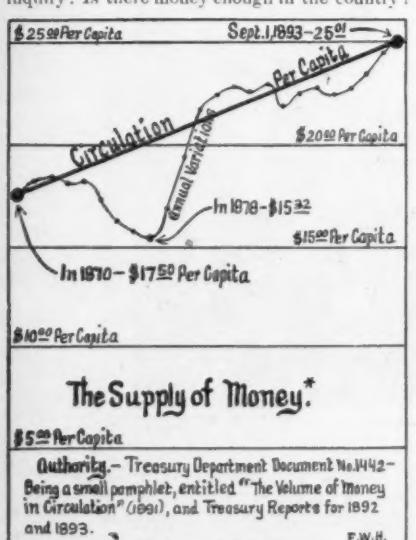
The voices of the people are heard in clamor inquiring what it all means. The answers to these questions are various. Many attribute the whole difficulty to the money feature of our great economic interests. Some declare that we are coining too much silver. Some that we are not coining enough. Others that the sum total of all money in circulation is not sufficient for the needs of business.

Still others declare that neither the total supply of money nor the coinage of silver have much to do with the situation. They believe that if the banks had not precipitated matters by hoarding currency and refusing to make loans the money element would have cut a very small figure in the problem.

They think the panic would have come just as surely, but much more slowly. They claim that the real causes were operating, and that the panic had begun, months before the banks took their attitude in checking circulation. They profess to see a reason deeper down in the foundations of the economic system of the country—a reason which is at present greatly obscured by the furore about silver.

It is therefore important to examine the money question carefully, getting at the "bottom facts," that, so far as possible, a correct judgment may be formed.

It is well in all such investigations to take up one question at a time. The fact that there is little money to be had naturally raises the inquiry: Is there money enough in the country?



The diagram above shows the variations in the money supply of the country from 1870 to the present. Not the total amount of money in existence, but the money in actual circulation among the people, as proportioned to the total population.

The first thing to attract attention is the slant line connecting the two large dots on either side of the diagram. The large dot on the left side is placed half-way between the \$15 and \$20 lines, which cross horizontally from left to right, and therefore stands for \$17.50, as recorded by the inscription pointing to the dot. That means that the total amount of money in actual use in business in the United States in 1870 was \$17.50 for each man, woman, and child in the country.

The large dot at the top of the right side of the diagram is placed almost exactly on the \$25 line, and therefore means that the supply of money in circulation now is almost exactly \$25 per capita, or almost a half more than in 1870, and the largest supply in the whole period.

* This diagram is, in effect, a reproduction in part (on a larger scale), and continuation of, a diagram in "What Are the Facts," and its use herein is kindly permitted by the publisher of that book.

The small dots (connected by the light irregular line) show how the supply has varied year by year. The lowest point was reached in 1878, just before the resumption of specie payments, as pointed out in the diagram, when there was in circulation only \$15.32 per capita.

The sharp upward grade of the slant line shows that the business interests are much better supplied with money than they were twenty years ago, and the course of the irregular line of annual variation shows that there has been a marked increase in the supply during the past four years.

It is, therefore, very evident that the present scarcity of money is not due to a diminished supply. An examination of the official records shows also that not only is the actual supply of total money in circulation greater, it also shows that the amount of gold coin is greater than at any time since the Civil War, and it is therefore safe to say any time in the history of this nation.

Some one may ask: How does the present supply of money compare with that of the "booming" days just following the close of the Civil War? This is a natural question, since there still remains in the minds of many people the impression that the greenback era gave us the largest supply of money we ever had. The Treasury reports show that from 1860 to 1870 the supply of money in circulation varied from \$10.23 per capita in 1862, to \$20.57 in 1865. The present supply is therefore nearly one-fourth greater than at any time in the greenback era.

The foregoing investigation gives emphasis to the questions: Why, then, is it so difficult to make collections? Why is there so little money to be had? To answer these questions it is necessary to consider the various operations of circulation in their dependence upon each other.

When the water in a river channel falls low, and lower yet, until its course is marked only by a dry bed and stagnant pools, no careful student of nature will claim that the ocean is giving out a smaller supply of vapors, or that the air is less fully charged with the watery vapors thus given out. He knows that whenever the condensing currents of air flow over the drouth-stricken region and break up the vapors and send them down in rain-drops, the springs will swell the rivulets and the river channel will again be full.

So in the monetary circulation of a modern nation. The supply of money may be never so abundant, and this supply may be widely distributed, and yet the channels of commerce may be marked only by stagnant enterprises—reminders of former prosperity. There is only needed the action of that natural force which alone can break up the abundant distribution, and in the shape of daily wages drop it into a neighboring hand, to be passed on into the merchant's till, and still on, until the channels of commerce are again full.

This natural force is employment. Just as surely as without the farmer to produce bread the nation must starve, however much wealth it may possess; just as surely must poverty follow when employment ceases. No matter how cheap bread may be, no matter how little clothing may cost, when the daily wage is checked trade must languish. The daily wage of the great mass of the population is that force which makes each dollar count for much or little.

Just as the rain-drops running swiftly to the ocean and returning quickly through the breaking up of the ocean vapors, in frequent showers, make the fields productive, so the daily wage, passing in full volume from capital to labor, and from labor to trade, makes prosperity abundant.

Reduce the volume of the daily wage either by closing its places of earning or by enforcing idleness, or by reducing the wage rate, and the circulation of the money supply is by so much stagnated in its action, and by so much national prosperity is strangled.

One dollar quickly moved is a greater commercial force than two dollars moving only one-third as quickly. A million dollars lying in banks and vaults are utterly powerless to bring prosperity. Thousands of tons of merchandise, piled on counters and shelves, are no better than so many tons of common earth if no purchasers can be had. Without wages purchase ceases. With small wages small purchases only can be made. With full wages great prosperity follows.

These are commercial axioms and must not

be lost sight of. Just now the wage power has been greatly checked, and that alone is enough to account for the commercial stagnation.

At any rate, the diagrams make it very plain that it is not caused by a reduced money supply.

Notable Jews.—No. XIX.
Julius Bien.

THE Order B'né B'rith is the most important of the many exclusively Jewish societies which, in answer to the Jews' natural desire for social intercourse, have sprung into existence in this country in the last half-century. The golden jubilee which the order celebrated last week marks also the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Julius Bien's leadership of its affairs, he having filled the position of president of the executive committee of the Constitution Grand Lodge uninterruptedly since July, 1868.

No more concise definition of the aims and objects of the order has ever been given than that of Mr. Bien's, who says in the current number of the *Menorah*, the organ of the order: "To create peace and harmony where there was strife and dissension, to enlarge and direct in the truly human channels charity and benevolence in its widest and best meaning, and, above all, to lead its adherents to a perception of higher life, and make them the peers of their fellow-citizens, have been and are its fundamental principles."

Julius Bien was born in the city of Cassel—then the capital of Kurhessen—September 27th, 1826, and is the eldest of ten children born to the theologian Emanuel Mendel Bien and his wife Esther.

His parents intended him for the Jewish ministry, and with that end in view he began the study of the Talmud, Biblical history, and the ancient languages at an early day, under the guidance of the best teachers, but soon evinced so strong a preference for the fine arts that after passing through the seminary for teachers he became a student at the Academy of Fine Arts at Cassel, and later at Frankfurt-on-the-Main. The work of his pencil and brush attracted much favorable notice, and after completing his studies he began work at his profession in Frankfurt, where he found time also to study the lithographic art.

A few years sufficed to convince the ambitious young man that Germany did not offer the proper opportunities, and in 1849 he came to the United States and started in business in New York city with one lithographic hand-press. Lithography was in its infancy; Julius Bien became one of its pioneers, and by dint of talent, energy, and good business methods, secured a place in the front rank of the business which he has held ever since. Mr. Bien was chosen president of the National Lithographic Association several times, and his work in the fields of science and art have been lauded by eminent scholars of two continents.

Mr. Bien is a director in a number of educational and charitable organizations, some of which he was instrumental in founding.

ISIDOR LEWIS.

Blessed Are the
"Peacemakers."

IN New Orleans, the city of clubs and late husbands, the oyster-loaf is known as "the peacemaker," and there is a pretty legend concerning its origin, which runs like this: Once upon a time the good wives of the Crescent City assembled themselves in solemn council and declared that there must and should be a reform in the matter of late husbands. Such resolution being unanimously adopted and individually enforced, each man of that city began to believe that his final day of subjugation had come. It soon leaked out, however—that this state of affairs was the result of a regular cold-blooded trades-union on the part of the wives, whereupon the oppressed husbands held a meeting on their part, resolving that such petticoat tyranny must and should be a reform in the matter of late husbands. Such resolution being unanimously adopted and individually enforced, each man of that city began to believe that his final day of subjugation had come. 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THE MAKING OF PURE CANDY—SKETCHES AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HAWLEY & HOOPS, MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONERS, NEW YORK CITY.

The Making of Pure Candy.

The adulteration of food by either manufacturer or dealer is most obnoxious. It is a cruel method of theft, for it not only robs the consumer but, more frequently than not, also does him a grievous injury. America, until quite late years, has been a country of such abundance that there was not much incentive to use adulterations in the materials used for human food. In Europe, where the density of population is greater and raw materials at the same time scarcer, much manipulation has long been practiced by which cheap and often injurious substitutes are made to do duty for that which is genuine. Foreign governments have made stringent laws against the sale of adulterated foods for home consumption, but so long as these foods were to be consumed by the outside barbarians—that is, so long as they were for export to other countries—the authorities of those in which they were manufactured did not greatly bother. It therefore came about that in America all kinds of adulterated things were received from Germany, France, and England, and for a long time we accepted these inferior articles as of exceeding excellence because they were imported. But this condition could not last always. Manufacturers in America looked into the matter to see wherein these imported articles were different. In so many instances were they found to be adulterated that some not over-honest Americans came to the conclusion that the American public really wished to buy adulterated foods—that the adulterated was preferred above the pure. Of course the wish was father to the thought. Up to that time we had not needed very stringent laws in this country against adulterations, but after they were once begun we needed them probably more than they were ever needed anywhere in the world. The unscrupulous foreigner had taught his Yankee rival a lesson in rascality, and, with the shrewdness for which he is noted, the latter drove the former out of the field of dishonor.

In some industries adulterations became very common indeed. This was notably so among the candy-makers. Candy is a thing that is either good or bad; it is either pure or impure. The cheap candy that is retailed by the penny's-worth can be made just as good and just as pure as the beautiful and tempting bonbons that the lady picks daintily from a jeweled or golden box. And, what is more, these cheap candies should be just as pure. Indeed, there is more reason that they should be kept pure and good, and free from hurtful adulterants, for they are made and consumed in quantities a thousand-fold greater than those finer confections which none but the rich can afford to buy. The candy business came to such a pass some ten years ago that something had to be done, or it would not be a field in which an honest man could profitably invest his time and money. Accordingly, a national

confectioners' association was formed, the object of which, as shown in the very beginning of the constitution, was "to advance the standard of confectionery in all practicable ways, and to absolutely prevent hurtful adulterations." To the support of this association the honorable among the candy-makers give time and money; and it is gratifying to know that the association is accomplishing what it set out to do. Not only are cheap candies better than ten years ago, but the fancy grades are of purer quality. The association has co-operated with the chemists of the United States Department of Agriculture, and with the State authorities where there are such, in defeating these rascally frauds upon purchasers and consumers of candies.

It having been stated that the cheap candies that can be bought by the penny's-worth could be made as good and pure as any others, the writer went, the other day, through the large establishment of Hawley & Hoops, in Mulberry Street, New York, to see how operations were conducted there. Mr. Hawley, the senior member of the firm, kindly showed me about the building, which was constructed for the purpose, and covers an area of 96 x 216 feet. There are six stories and two basements, and the whole of this is given up to the manufacture of candy and the storage of materials and manufacturers' products. Something like 600 or 700 people are constantly employed in manufacturing, packing, and shipping the product. Some idea of what this product amounts to may be gathered from the fact that in one room which I visited there is made 15,000 pounds of candy a day. On the cooling-tables in this room, where, by the way, there is a kettle that cooks 2,500 pounds at a time, I noticed a picturesque son of Italy hoeing liquid sugar very much as though it were snow that had fallen upon the steps of a country house. Of course, where such large quantities of candy are made at one time, the larger part of the work is done by machinery. Every one who ever went to a candy-pulling knows of the delights and the pains of pulling the candy until it gets to the right consistency and right color. Here all of this is done by machinery, but the candy is not pulled at all; it is beaten very much as cream is beaten into butter.

One of the most notable things in a factory like this is the scrupulous cleanliness everywhere to be observed. Factories, as a rule, are rather depressing places to visit, because of the frowsy women and frumpy men to be seen on every hand. But here they were well to look upon, and had a cheerful air about them which is the fit accompaniment of wholesome work and wholesome surroundings. A great many of these candies, such as chocolate cigars, cigarettes, and whistles, are so made that the retail dealer can sell them at a profit at a penny apiece. It is interesting to know that even these little things are made just as carefully and out of as pure material as any others. In the

room devoted to whistles it is extremely amusing to hear the little squeaks from bench to bench and back again, for each whistle is tested by a little girl before she finally puts the label upon it and pronounces it ready for the market.

The cheapest candy made in this establishment is the grateful gum-drop, which is composed of sugar, glucose, and starch, and flavored with one extract or another. The glucose, it may be said, is not put in the gum-drop or other candies for the purpose of adulteration, but merely because it helps to keep the candy fresh, and in that way serves a very good purpose. Glucose, at any rate, never was a hurtful adulterant, because there is nothing unwholesome about it. It was formerly used to cheapen the cost of production much more than at present. That was when there was a much greater difference between the price of sugar and glucose than there is now. Another very interesting manufacture is that of the marshmallows. These are made of sugar, gum arabic, and the whites of eggs. They are flavored with vanilla extract now instead of the extract of the natural marshmallow. As all of the ingredients of marshmallows are expensive it is impossible to make this seductive candy good and at the same time sell it very cheaply. Burnt almonds are made in such a quantity that three women are kept busy from one year's end to the other merely sorting over the almonds and selecting the perfect ones to be roasted and covered with burnt sugar. The process of covering the almonds is interesting. After they are roasted they are put in a revolving cylinder around which steam-pipes are fastened, and then, as the cylinder revolves, the almonds become coated with the burnt sugar, as we see them in the confectioners. The specialties of this firm are French mixed creams, chocolate creams, chocolate drops, and breakfast cocoa. This cocoa, by the way, is so made from the natural beans that it is absolutely pure, and even in its manufacture no chemicals whatever are used.

There is not space enough to anywhere near describe the interesting processes to be seen in the factory I visited, but my visit convinced me of one thing, which is this—that this establishment, which it is to be presumed is a fair representative of the establishments of the members of the National Association—for it is one of the largest—uses nothing but the very best material, and the greatest care in the preparation of even the cheapest of its products. This, I take it, is a guarantee that the candy put upon the market by the members of this National Confectioners' Association is all that it is represented to be, and is entirely wholesome for the consumers. With this assurance we can each of us go out whenever we feel inclined and make a purchase of sweetmeats with a clean conscience, whether it be for a newly-born infant or only for the best girl newly discovered around the corner.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.



THE NEW CLUB-HOUSE.



A. M. WOOD AT THE BAT.



1. Cohen, manager. 2. Trumble. 3. Bruce. 4. W. Giffen. 5. G. Giffen. 6. Powderly, umpire. 7. Bannerman. 8. Gregory. 9. Blackham, Captain. 10. Trott. 11. Lyons. 12. Graham. 13. Cunningham.

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM.



1. W. W. Noble. 2. Bromhead, umpire. 3. H. I. Brown. 4. G. S. Patterson, captain. 5. A. M. Wood. 6. F. H. Bohlen. 7. W. Scott. 8. F. Ralston, Jr. 9. J. B. King. 10. R. D. Brown. 11. J. Muir. 12. G. Coates.

THE PHILADELPHIA TEAM.



CAPTAIN GEORGE PATTERSON.

THE INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCHES.

AUSTRALIA VS. THE GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA—THE OPENING GAME AT THE GROUNDS OF THE BELMONT CRICKET CLUB, IN WHICH THE PHILADELPHIANS SCORED THEIR GREAT VICTORY—PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. PARKER ROLFE, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 251.]



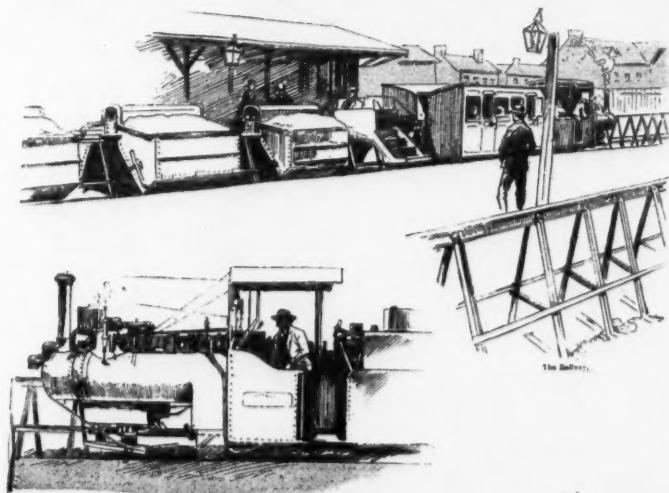
M. ZOLA'S VISIT TO LONDON—RECEPTION BY THE LORD MAYOR.



THE RECENT FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE MATTERHORN.



FALL MANOEUVRES OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY—BRIDGE-BUILDING AT KREMS, ON THE DANUBE.



The Cartigue engine.

A SINGLE-RAIL RAILWAY IN IRELAND.



POOR CHILDREN GATHERING WOOD-BLOCKS IN LONG ACRE, LONDON.

For the Cup.

It is the greatest sporting event that the world knows. Fifty thousand people afloat, watching each contest, and the whole earth waiting at the other end of the wires. Waiting till the New York carrier-pigeons arrived every five minutes from over forty miles of sea, bearing among the quills of their feathers new items which were almost simultaneously read in England. Talk about Noah and his one dove! Talk about one man being fed by ravens! Why, on these race-days the whole world was fed by pigeons. And, mark you, the world was hungry, ravenous for these morsels, which, indeed, were as sweet as the *raha-likoom* to some, and bitter as gall to others.

In the races which have been completed, the supremacy of American yacht-building has been placed beyond the possibility of question. America holds the championship of the world in that region in which honors are most hotly contested. When it comes to a question of the America's Cup, the thousands, the scores of thousands, the hundreds of thousands of millionaires have apparently only one value, and that is, to produce something that will retain for America the glory which has been hers for over forty years.

Blow high, blow low; come rich, come poor; the New York Yacht Club has met all contestants with crafts which were sufficient unto the day. Concerning many of these challengers, the air has been sometimes filled with fables regarding their miraculous powers. Sometimes they were supposed to have a bow, or keel, or fine-cut lines that would do wonders. Sometimes they were supposed to have weatherly qualities which in gales of wind would wrest from America the well-burnished trophy which has not rusted from disuse. But, in every individual case, the contests have quieted any tremors which the terrors of the unknown suggested. After the struggles have ended there have been no more doubts or fears the thin-air apparitions conjured up by imaginative fables melted to the void again, and the stars and stripes have floated up to every mast-head in the country as the proud emblem of the yachting supremacy of the seas.

The present victory is no ordinary honor, tamely achieved in the dull, stale, tired waters of an inland sea, but clear away to ocean, stretching thirty miles from Sandy Hook, and in a region where each competitor would have to face all that rude Boreas could inflict, or else seek shelter, his petty hope, in some near port or bay." The result has been in every way satisfactory. From start to finish there has not been a whisper of unpleasantries. Lord Dunraven has been a fit representative of his great nation of sportsmen, and even in the pride of our own victory we cannot avoid a sincere regret that he did not come nearer to realizing his brave hopes.

STINSON JARVIS.

No Anti-Pyrine in Bromo-Seltzer.
Cures all headaches—trial bottle 10 cts.

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion.

TOO MANY

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and druggists.

SOHMER & CO.'s Bijou Grand Piano is a unique instrument, being the smallest grand piano ever made, but possessed of a large tone.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fresh Air and Exercise.

Get all that's possible of both, if in need of flesh strength and nerve force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil builds up flesh and strength quicker than any other preparation known to science.

Scott's Emulsion is constantly effecting Cure of Consumption, Bronchitis and kindred diseases where other methods FAIL.

Prepared by Scott & Bowes, N. Y. All druggists.

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With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the greatest skin cure,

CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RE- SOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

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"How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.



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Persian Healing
PINE TAR SOAP."

It is now no longer a secret that this INDISPENSABLE ARTICLE FOR TOILET USE is a PURIFYING AGENT OF WONDERFUL VIRTUES. It is harmless and inexpensive, but if you obtain the Original, which bears CONSTANTINE'S name, you will be able to HEIGHTEN EVERY CHARM which adds PERFECTION to

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

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GRILLON

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Sold by all Druggists.

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RUSTICUS—"I don't think I ever passed a more agreeable summer. Did you have a lively season where you stopped?"

Mr. Lightlegs—"The liveliest I ever remember. The landlord chased me three miles for my board-bill."—Judge.

OF OBSCURE ORIGIN.

"I WONDER what is meant by cardinal principles?"

"I am sure I don't know. In the early days of cardinals they didn't seem to have any principles."—Judge.

NOT CUT OUT FOR IT.

"WHY don't you put Dobbins on your football team?"

"Physical infirmity."

"Why, he looks to be a strong, well-built, muscular fellow."

"Yes; but he's bald."—Judge.

THE BARGAIN FAD.

"DOESN'T it cost you Chicago women a good deal of money, first and last, for your divorces?"

"Oh, no; not if you take advantage of the bargain-days."—Judge.

ANARCHY—Complete destruction, and pipes and beer among the ruins.—Judge.

THE yield of corn in Kansas is this year greater than ever before. It seems like gross perversity of matter to have this happen in a prohibition State.—Judge.

He is a good man who keeps his temper along with his hay-fever, and all the angels yearn for him.—Judge.

It's Right Against Common Sense

to suppose that an imitation offers the customer any guarantee like the original does. Take Cottolene for example. FAIRBANK & CO. discovered it, perfected it, and spent thousands in making its merits known. It is plainly to their interest to make and keep it what it is to-day—the most popular shortening in the world.

But when you come

To accept any Counterfeits for Cottolene

these guarantees all disappear, and the housekeeper is at the mercy of an imitator who deals on others' reputation and who profits only by others' loss.

To ensure having good cooking and healthful food stick right to COTTOLENE and let all imitations severely alone.

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails.
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THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivaled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table d'hôte.

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Will do ten times the work without labor or foot motion. Greatest saving to women known.

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Works Sewing Machines. Each Motor complete, to attach to any smooth faucet, sent C. O. D. or result price, \$1.00. Will run it eight in gold."—Mrs. S. P. Thompson. The BOLGIANO WATER MOTOR COMPANY, 411 Water Street, Baltimore, Md.

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As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.



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THREE TRAINS EAST WEST DAILY.
PALACE BUFFET SUPERB DINING CARS.
SLEEPERS. NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN...
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For rates and other information see Agents of the Nickel Plate Road, or address
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Are unequalled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
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Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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Choice of routes, going and returning.

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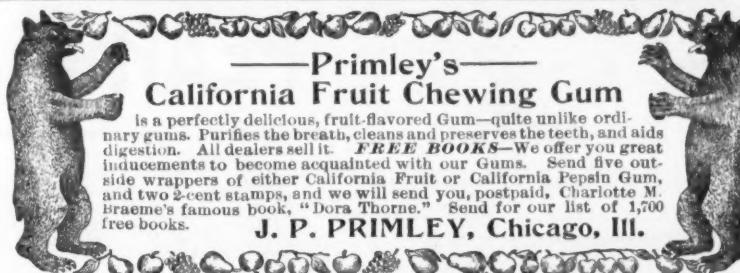
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Nothing adds more to the flavor and zest of a soup than Beef Extract. But you need the best, and that is made near where the cattle graze. Our cattle are natives and are raised near at hand. Rex Brand is not Burned or of Strong Animal Flavor, but is Aromatic and Appetizing.

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YOUNG WIFE—"Henry, I wish you'd give up the use of that vulgar expression, 'Get a gait on you.'"

Henry—"There's Scriptural authority for it, my dear."

Young wife—"Nonsense."

Henry—"No nonsense at all. Didn't Samson get a gait on him when he walked away from Gaza?"—Judge.

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THE OTHER WAY.

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"No, bad luck to him! I'd to find him five dollars."—Judge.



It is now beyond dispute that

Beecham's Pills

(Worth a Guinea)
(Tasteless)

are a specific in all cases of Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick-Headache, and kindred troubles.

25 cents a box.

OPIUM

Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, O.

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With the Gentlemen for Cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste.

See box mall for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to

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OFF FOR BOARDING SCHOOL.

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Good Soup, Well Served

how it refreshes after a long fast—how fittingly it begins all good dinners, especially if made with

Armour's Extract of BEEF

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different soup for each day in the month. We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

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THE PERFECTION OF
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

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All Leading Wine Dealers
and Grocers.

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"GENUINE" only with the signature of "Justus von Liebig in blue ink across the label, thus:

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Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

For delicious, refreshing Beef Tea.
For improved and economic cookery.

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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

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preparation of
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which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than three times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Starch, Arrowroot or
Sugar, and is far more eco-
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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For Gentlemen.

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W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory to protect you against high prices. Dealers who make the price on unstamped shoes to suit themselves, charge from \$4 to \$5 for shoes of the same quality as W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe. If you wish to get the best shoes in quality for your money it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes when next in need. Sent by mail, Postage Free, when shoe dealers cannot supply you. Send for catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

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OF LENTILS WITH SAUSAGE, SOLO PUREE,
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White Label SOUPS.

PRONOUNCED "INVARIABLY EXCELLENT," BY
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SEND 10 CTS. AND NAME OF YOUR GROCER FOR SAMPLE CAN.

ON RECEIPT OF PRICE WE WILL SHIP, EXPRESS PAID, OUR WHITE LABEL SOUPS IN CASE LOTS, (2 DOZ. TO CASE,) TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES, REACHED BY RAIL EXPRESS.

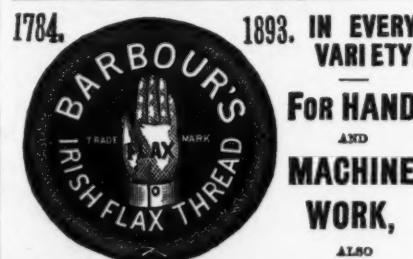
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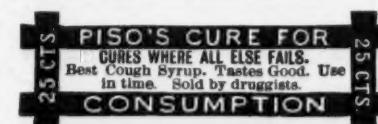
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